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THE PRESENT PHASE OF RITUALISM.

CEREMONIES have their origin in that primal order which we are told was the first law of heaven. Indeed, heaven itself is often pictured to us as the abode of that harmony of will and action of the angelic choirs and redeemed souls, with that supreme will which from all eternity proceeded from the Most High. "With might and sweetness disposing all things." The "eternal fitness of things" is not, after all, a mere commonplace expression. It enunciates the whole system of the divine economy, which was coeval and coexistent with God himself. God, self-existing, unbeginning, and unending, creator and upholder of all things, is clothed with the majesty of his own glory. He needs no homage nor service to add to his power, his honor, or his pleasure, because he is self-glorifying, and the divine self-complacency is not a mere characteristic, but an essential element in the nature of the Godhead.

Nevertheless, it is his divine will that he should be honored by some external worship. From all

eternity he loved, either by anticipation or by the very act of creation, the works of his own hands. He could not help but love them, because therein he saw a part of himself, the evidence of that power which had gone out of him, and as he must necessarily love himself, he loved those works which reflected himself either in the material, the physical, or the psychological order. Love naturally begets love. The angelic essence and the soul of man were the breath, the spirit of God; hence, they were capable of loving; being capable of this affection they were bound to offer it in grateful service to their Maker. This was the origin of external worship. There can be no worship wanting order, consequently the very necessity which created worship ordained at the same time order.

Man honors God by his love, proved in obedience to the divine law. He shows the generosity of his love by the pomp and splendor with which he seeks to dignify his external offering of God's works to himself. The divine or-

der, the external worship, the celestial harmony were broken and interrupted by sin. Redeeming love restored the shattered chords, but the discords were, in the divine economy, permitted to remain. The free will of man, even when guided by grace, could not renew the ancient strain, first awakened by angel hands. All his worship bore evidence of the poverty of his sinful nature, yet God condescended graciously to accept it, whether that worship was paid in prayer, or in the blood of animals or the fruits of the earth. Prayer was the earliest form of man's visible worship, combining within itself the four great essentialities of adoration, confession, praise, and thanksgiving. Prayer, however, was more particularly the private union of man with his Creator, while the idea of sacrifice seems from the very beginning to have been considered as the special form of ostensible public worship. From all eternity God had anticipated the idea of a grand bloody sacrifice as a propitiation for man's fall. Man, on his part, anticipated the grand sacrifice of Calvary and its unbloody continuation in the Holy Eucharist, by those holocausts, burnt-offerings, and oblations of the earth's fruits which, it is evident from Scripture, were by the express command of God, as well as the grateful love of his creatures, offered to him. In the days of the pastoral life, when

"The groves were God's first temples,"

a charming simplicity and rustic dignity accompanied the religious sacrifices of man, but as time wore on, man, emerging from his primeval condition, founded cities and built magnificent dwellings and piles; it was more than fitting that he should rear also splendid temples and richly adorn them for the oblation of his sacrifices; that these sacrifices should be surrounded by all that grandeur which, while it

impressed the worshipper with the glory of the Being honored and the solemnity of the act of honor, at the same time offered man an opportunity of rendering God the best of those unworthy gifts, with the most becoming dignity possible.

This was the origin of Ritualism, a system which attained its culminating glory when Solomon erected the first Jewish temple and adorned it, and introduced into its service a wealth and splendor which the Almighty himself had inculcated, for the Jewish Ritual was, among all the laws framed for the government of that people, the pre-eminent enactment of theocratic legislation. The Jewish system, however, was but a type of the better things to come under the Christian dispensation, which, being a law of love and not of rigor, was not made a subject for ritualistic ordinance by Jesus Christ when instituting the Church. Man was left to make a free offering of all that was not essential in the Eucharistic ceremonial, and he responded, as we have shown, by the erection of those glorious temples wherein the God of majesty, concealed beneath the sacramental veil, was enthroned. All that the love of the heart of man could suggest, all that the brain of man could devise, all that the handicraft of man could form, was brought to the embellishment of those temples in the service of his Creator and Redeemer. Hence came those resplendent ceremonies; that soul-stirring liturgy, those exquisite paintings, statues, embroideries, that feast the eye; that angelic music that ravishes the heart and bears the soul upon its flood-tide of exulting harmony to the very throne of the Eternal.

The splendor of the heathen temples and the grand pageants which accompanied their oblations to their false gods, were but the mimical representation of the Jewish ceremonials; so, also, what-

ever of ceremony exists outside of the Catholic Church is but the fire, stolen Prometheus-like from the great sun of Catholic ritual. Protestantism, cold and unfeeling, incapable of reaching the heart of man, was singular in this one aspect, that while all previous schisms and heresies which had risen in opposition to the Church, not only retained the Eucharistic sacrifice and with it the splendid ritual which accompanied its oblation, not only embellished churches and shrines with richest external adornments, but acknowledged that they were dignified with privileges, such as the right of sanctuary, which endeared them to the hearts of the people; it was the first to overthrow the ritualistic system. The skeptic indeed could ask,

"What's hallowed ground?
Has earth a clod
Its Maker meant should not be trod?"

He was answered in the language of Israel, when rising from his vision of angels, scaling the celestial ladder; he poured wine and oil upon the stony pillar exclaiming, "How terrible is this place: this is indeed the house of God; the gate of heaven." He was answered in the glorious verses of the royal psalmist, wherein he so frequently chants, in golden song, the glories of an earthly temple merely figurative of the Christian Church; for the temple of Solomon, in all its pristine splendor, was less in dignity than the humblest village church wherein the Holy Sacrifice is offered, and the Lord of Hosts visibly resides.

Yet skeptic never dared to ask such interrogatories till Protestantism, shrouded in its puritanical gloom, burnt the monasteries and churches, overthrew altars, denied the efficacy of the Mass, the honor of the Mother of God, and the veneration of the saints and respect for sacred right. Properly and consistently did it do away at the same time

with all ceremonial, since the great object which the ceremonial was intended to honor had itself been abrogated. Even the ancient heresy of Iconoclasm only went as far as attacking the visible honor done to the saints by the erection of pictures and statues. The dignity of the Godhead, invisible or sacramented, it dared not thus dishonor. To Protestantism alone and its viperous offspring, communism, socialism, and libertinism, belongs the disgraceful claim of enthroning in the holy places the living personification of the heathen goddess of liberty in the person of a French strumpet. It could not, however, wholly and suddenly eradicate from the hearts and minds of the people those beautiful ceremonies by which they had been for generations trained to the service of religion. So long as the soul was fed by external beauties, so long would the heart cling to the internal love of Catholicity. Hence the first reformers sought to obliterate every trace and token of the religion of Christ. Hence the glorious shrines and splendid temples, which the piety of early kings and nobles had for centuries erected and adorned, were ruthlessly violated and destroyed by their sensual and avaricious successors. The religion of Jesus Christ stood in the way of these men's ambition, avarice, and lust; consequently, they waged ruthless war against it, and when less brutal means had not sufficed to crush it out entirely, they, with a ferocity that emulated the mad bestiality of the pagan emperors of Rome, destroyed at the stake, on the gibbet, and in the dungeon, the very bodies of those faithful Catholics whose souls could neither be purchased nor perverted.

Ritualism, however, always did exist more or less intact, even during the ages of persecution. The Catacombs, with their painted symbols, the marvel of even the present age, are evidences of the embellishment

of those subterranean churches when all the disadvantages of time, place, and poverty could not succeed in subduing the zeal of the early Christians in this regard. The sea-girt caves and forest fastnesses of Germany, Ireland, and Britain, might tell many a tale of a mass conducted in silent fear, yet not without some extraneous adornments to the secretly and hurriedly whispered office. But it is not with the preservation of *mere* Ritualism in the Church that we desire to treat, but rather to show, from the outward attention paid to its forms, how its spirit has been curiously preserved in the hearts of the people.

The mind and soul of man, created for the splendors of heaven, cannot be contented with the cold, perishable, and unimpressive joys of earth. Neither can it fitly adore the God of glory with a mere pious movement of the lips. The heart naturally loves, and loving it must seek to display that affectionate dependence on the being loved by outward tokens of respect and honor. Hence we find that notwithstanding the various political and fanatical revolutions that have from time to time sought to sweep away, among other barriers of law and order, natural and legislative, the outward forms of religious worship, yet the spirit of that worship has never entirely been subdued in the breast of man; but when the storm had passed away, has always risen in a new era of religious reaction. We need go no further than the present aspect of affairs in France for a proof of this. After each successive period of infidel triumph in that most Christian land a religious enthusiasm has been awakened, which has not only aroused the dormant faith of the faithful children of the Church, but has made them a spectacle to angels and to men. To the angels of heaven, rejoicing over sinners do-

ing penance; to men, who, blinded by their own conceits, puffed up with their own folly, glutted with their own sensuality, look on with astonishment and a worldly-wise alarm at a religious movement which they are physically unable to prevent, and mentally incapable of fathoming with their self-formed systems of so-called philosophy, which vainly ascribe the conduct of these faithful children of the Church to such things as natural temperament or perverted intellect.

That fairest daughter of creation, the Church of Christ, is sometimes sleeping. At the prayer of her visible Father, the Pontiff, petitioning, like Jairus of old, the intervention of Jesus, the Lord of life approaches, takes her by the hand, and bids her arise. The minstrels indeed make a rout. The frivolous, the self-conceited of this world, laugh to scorn the words of infallible truth, "She is not dead but sleeping;" but at the command of God, she, leaning on his arm, comes forth resplendent with life, confounding the scoffer and converting the unbeliever. She comes forth in many ways, principally by the strength of her celestial power, but most visibly, most strikingly to the eye of the observer, in the resplendent beauty of her ritual. The beauty of the king's daughter is indeed from within, but with most people, especially in this age of spiritual indifferentism, the outward effect is more conducive to thought than any amount of argument, however pointed its logic or captivating in rhetoric. Hence for this very reason the religious antagonists of the Church charge her with upholding a religion that satisfies only the senses. Poor misguided souls! not until they have entered beyond "the eastern gate, called Beautiful," the golden portal of ritualism, will they know how the interior spirit of the sanctuary

speaks so forcibly to the soul, that all the glories of earth are insufficient to satisfy its celestial yearnings.

But we must search deeper into history than the present epoch, if we would learn how ritualism has, outside the Church, survived the era of persecution or neglect.

Its rites and ceremonies have been principally preserved as to form in two organizations,—the Masonic fraternity and the Church of England. We say preserved as to form; for in form and spirit combined it has had a home only in the Catholic Church.

The Masonic fraternity, claiming its rise in the building of Solomon's Temple, and imitating in its purpose those glorious orders of chivalry by which the Catholic Church furthered so many noble, generous, and charitable enterprises, has not inaptly, though in some respects inconsistently, always had a most liberal leaning towards a thoroughly demonstrative ritual.

Masonry is a religion, a man-made religion, we grant; yet in the popular acceptance of the term, a religion, and a religion entirely, of signs and emblems. This of itself would almost of necessity require some sort of ceremonial, while the fantastic idea of its origin would necessarily require that that ceremonial should be striking and splendid. Yet no one, viewing its operations with an enlightened eye, can fail to see the inanity and silliness of its ritual, simply because it is a sign; of what? Of nothing! And signs and symbols to be at all efficacious must be emblematic and didactic of something. If they be religious signs and symbols, they must perforce partake of the nature of sacramentals. Now, without attempting to refute anything of the superabundantly refutable element in the so-called history of Free and Accepted Mason-

ry, we propose to briefly show forth the inconsistency, not only of its ritual, but likewise of its right to have one.

Neither do we propose to deny the antiquity of that ritual, but only to affirm its meaninglessness; and we cannot exemplify this better than by referring briefly to the late dedication of the grandest temple (!) it possesses in modern times, the one just completed at Philadelphia. The symbolic architectural features thereof we will pass over as irrelevant to our theme, but the ceremonies which fitted it in the eyes of the "brethren" for occupation demand our serious attention.

In the first place, "the right worshipful grand master," who acted as "consecrator," was a gentleman well known in our city for his respectability of character and his standing *at the bar*. He dedicated the building, in the language of the press, "with a new and imposing ritual," for which purpose he entered the mystic precincts at "high noon," though we think it would have been more properly done at "high moon." The new and imposing ritual consisted chiefly in chanting psalms, reciting fantastically worded prayers, pouring corn, wine, and oil, blowing trumpets towards the four quarters of the universe, a bowing and bending of the right worshipful, and most holy, and most eminent officers to each other, with the usual admonition to the less worthy members to "govern themselves accordingly," and then—shades of Solomon and the queen of Sheba attend!—as a grand *finale*, came that peculiarly American institution, "a feed," *eleganter*, "a banquet," and without which no ceremony would in the popular mind be complete, at least for that portion of the community who, like certain ancient philosophers, seem to believe that the soul of man is placed in the stomach.

And so the temple was dedicated—at least, in the imagination of the faithful participants; but let us see about that. Now, in the first place, whence did the consecrator derive his power for the function; and his high-sounding title of right worshipful, most holy, &c.? Mr. Samuel C. Perkins is, as we have said, a respectable and respected lawyer of the Philadelphia bar, and we are totally unaware that he ever received that higher vocation of the priestly office requisite for such an occasion. When were “hands laid” on him? When was he set apart and marked with sanctifying unction? Was he ever called as Aaron was? And God has said, without this call let no man take this honor to himself. Whence did he get authority to compose a new and imposing ritual? The spiritual pastors of the Roman Catholic Church have from time to time composed rituals, but they had the divine right conferred by the sacrament of Holy Orders, and restricted by due canonical legislation, to write and introduce them into their respective churches; they had moreover good natural brains, illuminated by virtue of their office with the inspiration of the Holy Spirit; and while we are far from inferring that Brother Perkins had not the natural acquirements abovementioned—and we are sure he had not the celestial ones—yet we do not think that a busy lawyer’s office, with piles of legal text-books, and rows of reports, is exactly the place whence one would draw that poetic, dramatic, and religious inspiration requisite for such a theme. But whence, above all else, did the “Right Worshipful” get his celestial title? Was his grandfather a “heathen Chinese” Mandarin? If so, we understand the matter, but if not, we would respectfully remind him that ONE ALONE IS HOLY, ONE ALONE IS WORSHIPFUL—

GOD! The suggestion is awful; we hope the “brethren” fully appreciate it. But we fancy we hear an interrogatory in rejoinder, Whence did the bishop of Rome derive the right to his title of Holiness, since God alone is essentially holy? The bishop of Rome, the Pontifex Maximus of Christendom, bears not his exalted title as the mere sign of an idea, a mere complimentary designation. God alone, indeed, is holy, but the Pope as his vicar is essentially holy in his character of Christ’s vicegerent; as Pontiff he is characteristically holy, and Christian faith, reverence, and love refuse him not the mark of respect which is officially his due, yet even “popish superstition” never went so far as to say that the visible head of the Church was, objectively speaking, worshipful. Worthy of veneration his character may be, but a characteristic is never *in se* an object of worship. But, to continue: Was there any efficacy in the corn, wine, and oil, and other things and ceremonies used? Symbols they may have been, sacramental symbols never! for the blessing of God’s Church was not upon them. Why, then, did this new “Samuel” of the “new” ritualistic dispensation approach the performance of such an action? Was he not perfectly aware that he was carrying out an irreverent burlesque of a sacred ceremony, and not a sacred function? Can any one fail to see this? Stupendous antithesis! The High Priest entering the Holy of Holies and—brother Sam Perkins “going up” at “high noon” into the new Masonic Temple, at the corner of Broad and Filbert Streets.

But is this building a temple? If so, what divinity is worshipped there? Is it the heathen goddess of Silence, whose statue greets us at the entrance? And why is Silence honored with so much “blowing” of trumpets? Is it the abstract idea

of charity, that charity to which the brethren pay so much lip-worship? If so, in what is this worship superior to that of heathen Rome? If this be a temple, where is the altar? where is the priest? But above all, where or what is the victim? for altar, priest, and victim are indisputably essentials to a temple; but the nearest, and that a most remote resemblance, to an altar that we can here discover, is the dining-table, and the victim—that pride of American barnyards—the turkey, whose emblem figures so conspicuously over the banqueting-hall door.

We will say nothing with regard to the procession of so-called Knights Templars who dedicated the sanctuary of Templar masonry. One would suppose that men who cry out so loudly about this being the age of progress, who scorn with satanic hatred such effete relics of medieval barbarism and popish superstition as religious orders and the institution of chivalry, would hesitate to don the garb and use the euphuistic language of knight-hood, and bearing those paradoxical emblems of bravery, the drawn sword and the *white feather*, parade around the open streets in broad daylight, with archiepiscopal crosses, and banners bearing pictures of historical events, notoriously Catholic in their signification and tendencies, and emblazoned with passages of Scripture, such as "*In hoc signo vinces*," "*Non nobis Domine, non nobis sed nomine tuo da gloriam*," written in the much-decried Latin tongue of the Catholic service, and arrange themselves as they march into all sorts of papistical figures, as Maltese cross, squares, and triangles. One might really take them from their doings to be an incursion of Jesuits exiled from Europe by that son of "iron and blood," Prince Bismarck, or *il re galantuomo*, Victor Emmanuel, and coming now to invade our country with

sinister designs upon its people and their glorious liberties. All for what? What ho! and wherefore, Sir Knights and brethren of the mystic tie, could yourselves explain it?

Oh, gentlemen, can you not see the blasphemy of this burlesque? Can you not remember the terrible punishments inflicted by God, under the old law, for the sacrilegious acts of the Israelites, aye, for even stretching out a saving hand to the tottering ark of the covenant? How long then will you dare to insult the Lord of might, majesty, and glory by such tomfooleries?

Strange as it may seem, the Anglican schism, though largely made up of the wealthy and worldly, the flatterers on royalty and fawners for court favor, with whom ceremonies, pomp, and splendor were a sort of second nature, yet these people were but little behind their sturdier German fellow-heretics in stripping that system of all pompous ritual, and now the "Anglican Branch of the Catholic Church" is an organization which fairly outrivals the Masonic brotherhood in its devotion to ritualism, with this peculiarity, that the Anglicans make their dogmas subservient to their ritual, not the ritual to the dogmas. With them the ritual is the goose, the dogma the stuffing; they fairly revel in their hobbies and eccentricities. Their hobbies are the Apostolical succession of Anglican orders, a union with the Greek Church, and the unity of Christendom by what is known as the "branch theory;" they are particularly fond of "our sister Greek Church," and particularly commiserative of "our erring sister, the Roman Church." They also lay a special stress upon the duty of each and every one of their own members remaining in the church of his baptism, a very timely fundamental injunction, since the system that

they have built up is exactly the best to make them do otherwise. They have been won by the poetic beauties of the Catholic Church, and perhaps by the little bit of ancient English aristocratic blood still flowing in their veins—for the Episcopal Church always boasted of being *par excellence* the one in which men could go to heaven in a chariot and four; hence they have been stimulated to admire, in a sort of worldly way, the grandeur of the Roman Catholic worship. Being intelligent beings, they soon began to see a necessity for giving a reason for the rituals they practiced, for step by step they have taken up, not only with imitations of modern ceremonials, but they have dived with the assiduity of beavers into mouldy volumes of forgotten ritualistic lore. The Missal of Sarum is as familiar to them as the Book of Common Prayer; they are as thoroughly acquainted with the cut and shape and length and breadth and height and depth of sacerdotal garbs and ecclesiastical upholsteries as any modern *modiste* is with the Paris fashions, and anything awry in church ceremonial or furniture throws them into spasms. They dote on the antique; anything under three hundred years old is, *with the exception of their Church itself*, an object of abhorrence to them; in architecture, medieval Gothic haunts them as badly as the followers of Alaric haunted early civilization; they are peculiarly devout to English saints with unpronounceable Saxon names; they prate about "St. Mary, the Virgin," and smack their lips as they talk about "the fathers of the Early Church," as though they had always been on the best of terms with them; they mourn over the perversity of the "Evangelicals," and the obstinacy of "the Bishop of Rome," because he will not fraternize with them, and revenge themselves by doubting if, after all,

the Patriarch of Jerusalem or Constantinople did not originally hold supreme primatial jurisdiction. They think it very strange and decidedly ungrateful that the members of the Church of Rome laugh at their efforts towards the unity of Christendom, and will not accept their embrace of friendship, *à la* Mr. Flintwinch; they are horrified because these same Romanists call them Protestants, because modern Catholics do not practice all the austerities of the early hermits, or get up at two A.M. every morning to sing matins; they mourn over the decadence of early virtue as if they knew all about it. They are not in their doings at all heedful of "Paul's" injunction, "Obey your bishops," especially if these bishops belong to the "low party," or the "*cummin*" school of churchmen. If they do not openly disobey, they at least play the rôle of "artful dodgers." Finding themselves driven to self-defence by the sneers and outcry of their own low church and broadchurch brethren at the "Romanizing tendencies" of their doings, they have been forced by the utter untenability of their position to take up with Catholic doctrines, and have introduced all the practices and dogmas of the true faith among themselves, especially with regard to the "bread and wine," which they declare to be the real sacrament of the Eucharist, and before which they burn as much incense, and go through as many prostrations and meaningless antics as the followers of Mohammed before his coffin at Mecca, and pretty much in the same style, though with less reverence, as little Catholic children "playing mass." For all these things they claim to show an unbroken line of patristical precedents, from that "angel boy" and (very weak) head of their church Edward VI, and thus these descendants of "Bluff King Harry" and "Good Queen Bess" are seeking to

rebuild in our day the form of that which their ancestors destroyed in substance, weak-minded and arrogant people! It is hard to determine whether their grand religious demonstration is the advancing light of a heaven-inspired movement, or the gilded glamour of satanical deceit, leading them, like an *ignis fatuus*, further from the true path, till, lost in the darkness of error, and tangled in the mazy labyrinths of their own conceits, they are, like the guest of old who had not on a wedding-garment, cast from the very banquet-table of the household of faith into extreme darkness, where there is endless weeping and gnashing of teeth. Some, indeed, from first assimilating themselves to the Catholic Church, then gradually being forced to defend it, finally come to know and love and embrace it; but it is a long time before the old leaven of Protestantism is worn out of them; and converts of this class not unfrequently make less strong, hearty, and rugged champions of the faith than a good "ranting Methodist" or "blue-stocking Presbyterian," because the two latter feel the wide change of conversion which, with the former, is more gradual and less perceptible, consequently their old conceits are not so easily knocked out of them. This is more particularly the case in America, for it would be idle, false, and ungrateful to deny the great efficiency of the noble army of converted champions of the faith in England.

Thus we see that this is the age of ritualism. Despite the spread of republican principles, and a consequent disregard of the importance of ceremonies in secular affairs, "Our Separated Brethren" are rapidly advancing in their appreciation of at least the utility of ceremonies in religious matters. This advance, as we have seen, brings them nearer and nearer in their research, as to the nature and object

of these ceremonies, to her who from the beginning of Christianity has wisely instituted, fostered, and sanctioned them,—the Roman Catholic Church. The necessity of Catholics thoroughly understanding the ceremonies of their own Church is therefore very obvious, first, that they may be able to give an explanatory reason for them, not only when asked for it, but also that they may fulfil the duty of having a personal knowledge of such matters. Secondly, that they may foster in their own hearts that appreciative love of their religion which always springs from such knowledge. They cannot properly practice their faith without knowing it, and they cannot know it without loving it, hence little love betokens little knowledge; a very simple explanation of the want of that practical faith in everyday life which is, alas, too apparent.

While Protestants are in a certain degree thus advancing, Catholics must likewise show some progress in the same direction. The Catholics of America are becoming too wealthy and too influential to longer plead any excuse for their neglect in this respect; already there is the dawning of a bright era of improvement in this regard, but the sun of correct opinion rises slowly. Yet we look forward hopefully to the hour when its beams, gleaming upon the richly bedighted pages of ritualistic lore and rubrical teaching, will fascinate alike the eye, the mind, and the heart of the children of the Church, clerics and laymen, who will show forth in their learning and practice the letter of its beauties, and in the holiness of their lives the spirit of its teachings.

Happy thrice, we children of our beautiful Mother, the Church of God, who, as the Spouse of Jesus Christ, stands like a queen at his right hand, *in vestitu deaurato circumdata varietate*. Ravished by her

beauty, we will learn to feast our souls on the spiritual delights of God's sacred house; running in the odor of her ointments, we will never fall down before the silver and golden idols of the Gentiles, the false pleasures of the world, nor the counterfeit gods of a man-made religion.

WITHIN THE SOUL.

THE MORTAL.

Oh! throng not thus in fearful crowds
 Around my sickened soul to gloat,
 Ye ghosts of blood-red sins, that through
 My thoughts like fiery spectres float!
 Oh! hold not up, with mocking laugh,
 The wasted corpse of my dead past—
 (Not sleeping amongst holy flowers
 Of virtue, on her fair form cast)—
 But, God have pity! leaning lost
 Within your clasping arms of flame;
 The wounds ye gave her gaping wide,
 And on a blackened scroll each name,
 Each fearful name, ye bear, set down.
 This, laid upon her pulseless breast.
 Away! It is a maddening sight!
 Away! Nay, soul, *you must have rest!*
 Turn from the thought, chase mem'ry hence,
 Let pleasure come to take her place.
 Cease trembling with this dream of dread,
 And join in pleasure's brilliant race.

THE IMMORTAL.

No; once that sight of my lost past,
 And that sad story of my sin,
 Came to a *God in tears*, who prayed
 Gethsemane's lone garden in.
 The mind, whose thought creates, bowed down
 To agony, and "sorrowful
 E'en unto death," the soul of God
 Became for those who spurned His rule.
 Yet e'en in torturing sweat of blood,
 He turned not from the morrow's woe,
 But went to meet it, followed it,
 Till it "was consummated;" so
 Upon that garden's hallowed ground,
 Dear Jesus, let me watch with Thee;
 And let me hide my ruined past
 Deep in Thy holy agony.
 From pleasure's race, oh! let me turn,
 To toil with Thee, up Calvary's way.
 And "when Thou to Thy kingdom comest,
 Remember me," dear Lord, I pray.

THE O'DONNELLS OF INNISMORE, OR THE TWO MARYS.

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH THE READER BECOMES ACQUAINTED WITH A WORTHY LANCASHIRE FAMILY; ALSO, THE O'DONNELLS OF INNISMORE, AND A FAMILY SECRET.

It stands right away by itself in one of the prettiest villages in Lancashire, that pleasant old Manor House of Squire Mainwaring's, down a lovely vale, with a green lawn before the house sloping even to the waters of the lake; beyond is a range of hills, and all around are glens and dales and smiling meadows, rendering Ashdale one of the prettiest spots Lancashire can boast of possessing. It owned, too, the worthiest people who graced the country for miles around, for the Squire was the true type of an old English gentleman; his doors ever open to the poor and needy, whilst hospitality reigned supreme at Dovercourt. Many and many an old English custom, long since abolished or gone into disuse, was still in full force, and the yule log sparkled and blazed brightly on the Christmas eve; and oxen were roasted whole, and beef and ale were never wanting, if, perchance, the sorrow-stricken and suffering found their way, as they often did, to Dovercourt.

The lady of the Manor House, too, did full credit to her husband's choice, for Mistress Mainwaring, though not without her faults (who is, I should like to know?), was still, in many points, a model lady; loving dearly the young maidens—her daughters—Margaret and Bertha, and also regarding with a mother's honest pride, that tall, handsome son of hers—the rising young barrister, Herbert Mainwa-

ring. Then there was another member of the family whom we have forgotten, for he, by virtue of his holy calling, should, surely, have come before the maidens and the barrister; we mean the saintly chaplain of Dovercourt, a man whose life was without blemish; who never stained his lips with flattery; who paid no idle compliments to those around him, for the sternness of truth was ever on his tongue; and who was the father of the poor at Ashdale. Such was Herbert de Coucy, the venerable French priest, who was chaplain at Dovercourt Manor, for its master was of the Catholic faith.

The Squire and his wife had, with their son, accepted an invitation to the ball so lately held at Fairview, and, a few days later, Mrs. Mainwaring had received the Montagues at her own house. It was not in the power of Mrs. Montague to hold her peace on any subject; consequently, Mrs. Mainwaring was the unwilling recipient of her confidence. Poor Maria's shortcomings were unmercifully handled, and the mention of the unfeeling notice she had so promptly received, raised, to somewhat of indignation, the usually placable and quiet Mrs. Mainwaring, while her friend ended by remarking, "I wonder, for my part, how it is that you have managed so well; Miss Segrave was with you for years."

"True," replied the lady, in her dry, quiet way, "and you might, doubtless, have this Miss Flohrberg with you for years also, as many of your former governesses might have been, if you did not look, as I am apt to think you do, for too many perfections in one person."

"One must receive a fair return

for the salary one gives," replied Mrs. Montague; "I am inclined to think I have merely been more unfortunate than yourself."

Here the conversation closed, and Mrs. Mainwaring mused within herself, remembering, as she did, that this very hard-dealing person had, if report spoke truly, at one time of her life been the needy and fawning slave of another, whom she lived with as companion.

It is evening at Dovercourt; a quiet family party only have assembled, and a very different party they indeed are to those at Fairview, for, though there be much of good in George Montague and his younger daughter, still, the presiding genius of the place is his lady wife, and, unfortunately, one bad disposition in a family too often sways and exercises an evil influence over all.

"I have had a few moments' conversation with the German lady now at Fairview as governess," said the Squire, on the evening to which we have alluded, "and who think you should be her intimate friend at Coblenz, but General O'Donnell."

"General O'Donnell! Can he be a relative of Mary, papa?" chimed in two voices at the same time. "I have heard her say her uncle was in the Austrian service; is he now at Coblenz?"

"Exactly so, my dear," replied the Squire, "and I feel interested in the young lady on this account, and sorry that she should ever have come to Fairview; but," he added, addressing his wife, "was it not your intention to invite Mary here for a few months, as some return for the hospitality with which we were received at Innismore?"

"The invitation has already been sent," replied his wife, "but it may perhaps arrive too late, for, if all we have heard be true, it is not unlikely that Mary has already left Innismore for the cloister in which

she was educated. Poor Mary!" added the lady, with a sigh; "with such a youth, and such memories of the past, is it possible she can ever know what we understand by the term happiness?"

"But I thought," said her son, "that these O'Donnells, whom I have heard you speak of, were well-to-do people, and that this Mary, with whom Bertha and Margaret became so intimate during your sojourn in Ireland, was their only daughter. What unpleasant reminiscences can *she* have to make her unhappy?"

"Enough, quite enough to make her miserable as long as she lives, unless she be patient and resigned; her story is a very sad one, for Mary is *not* the daughter of the O'Donnells, but only their adopted child."

Herbert Mainwaring leaned forwards, saying, "You have excited my curiosity, so before I bid you farewell, to return to my gloomy old chambers in the Temple, I must insist on hearing all about Mary O'Donnell, as I must still call her, till you tell me her real name."

"Well, then, now for my story," said Mrs. Mainwaring. "When first I became known to the O'Donnells, you are all aware that they were not living on their fine old estate of Innismore, but had removed along with Mary, for a few months, to a delightful country villa some miles distance from the Cove of Cork. A lovelier place I never witnessed than the fairy-like domain, small though it was, in which they had taken up their abode. A range of hills at the back of the villa were abundantly stocked with trees and evergreens of various descriptions; roses climbed luxuriantly over the white walls of the house; clematis, honeysuckle, and jasmine creeping amidst their branches. Mary was absent; she was spending the evening to which I allude, in company with Bertha and Margaret, at the

house of a mutual friend, and Mrs. O'Donnell and I were seated together, enjoying the sweet, balmy air, laden with the perfume of the flowers that grew around in such wild luxuriance, when, suddenly, the quietude of the scene was disturbed by the soft, faint sound of a female voice, sweet, though feeble in its tones, and it warbled forth a plaintive, melancholy air, not unfamiliar to my ears. The peculiar sweetness of the voice had attracted my attention, and, whilst I yet listened, the sound drawing nearer, yet nearer, my attention was attracted by an exclamation of alarm from Mrs. O'Donnell; even in the fastly growing twilight I observed that her countenance had become deadly pale; and ere I could speak, the crashing of branches in the garden struck upon my ear, and the next moment the half-clad figure of a woman,—who, squalid and haggard as was her appearance, yet bore the traces of former beauty,—appeared at the French window which opened on to the lawn before the house, and, pushing hastily aside the clematis which hung over it, she rushed into the room, and I beheld her crouching on her knees before Mrs. O'Donnell, whose averted face and outstretched hands told me that this apparent beggar was no stranger.

“‘Have mercy on me, and let me but speak to her before I die,’ exclaimed the wretched being; ‘let me see the face of my own child once more.’

“‘Never, never, Ailey Maguire; you know not what you ask,’ replied Mrs. O'Donnell. ‘Does she not believe you to be dead? Has she not long borne our name, with no reproach attached to her? Call you this affection for your child, or right to me, thus to seek to break your most solemn vow? No, I will not permit this, but I will give you money to help your pressing necessities, and then I must insist

on your immediately quitting this place.’

“‘And is it yourself, my foster sister, who is forbidding me to see my child,’ replied Ailey, rising and wringing her hands. ‘Ah, sure, you never had a child of your own, and know not how strong is the love of a mother; and as to your money,’ she exclaimed, throwing from her the purse Mrs. O'Donnell had dropped in her hand, ‘I want none of it; I would sooner go beg the country through, than owe it to you, if you keep me to my vow.’

“‘You will keep your promise, Ailey Maguire,’ replied Mrs. O'Donnell, in a tone of cool determination, ‘if you really love your child; the instant that you break it, Mary returns to want, to wretchedness, and to you.’

“What sad mystery, then, was couched beneath the words I had heard? Was Mary, then, the fair, accomplished, and elegant Mary, the child, not of my wealthy friend, but of the miserable, emaciated being before me?

“I would willingly shut out from my memory the remembrance of the piercing, heart-thrilling shriek which burst on my ear, as my friend spoke thus. The next moment the unfortunate woman had disappeared from my sight, and I beheld Mrs. O'Donnell terrified and trembling with agitation. I felt sorry I had been present, aware, as I was, that she would feel it necessary to confide to me the secret connected with the parentage of the elegant and accomplished girl we had been led to consider as her own child. We were not likely to be interrupted by the return of the young people; the evening air was delightful, it seemed a positive shame, too, to shut out the bright rays of the moon. But my friend thought otherwise; perhaps, too, she dreaded the return of her unwelcome visitant; be that as it may, she immediately rang for lights, and

ordered the servants to close the shutters. Again alone, she seated herself beside me on the couch, and began by remarking:

“You, doubtless, thought me very cold and stern in my manner to that poor unfortunate, who has just left us.”

“I saw that she waited for a reply; my whole heart was with that miserable being, and I stammered out, ‘Doubtless you have had some sufficient reason for acting as you have done; I never form an opinion hastily.’

“You have gathered, however, enough to make known to you that Mary is not our child,” she added. ‘Now I will tell you her story. Ailey Maguire was my foster sister, her mother being a humble friend of the late lady of Innismore; she had married a tolerably well-to-do farmer, but, my being left motherless, and her baby being about the same age as myself, she insisted on giving me that nurture of which I had been deprived, in consequence of the death of my mother. Ailey grew up a bright-eyed, blooming, and affectionate girl, and, as in my childhood she was constantly at the castle, we may be said to have grown up together, so in my youth we were destined not to be parted, for she was ever there as my attendant, though rather regarded in the light of an humble friend and companion, than in any other capacity. Ailey was about nineteen years old when she came to tell the lady of Innismore that she had promised her hand in marriage to a young man well known to be mixed up with some of those ardent and disaffected spirits so constantly to be met with, and whose misguided, though patriotic, efforts, in the cause of their country, so often bring down trouble on their own heads. We were aware that he was connected with a secret association, and, as my friends really had Ailey’s interest at heart, they ear-

nestly prayed her to retract the promise she had given; but in vain, passion usurped the place of prudence, and she was alike deaf to the pleadings of her mother, as to the entreaties of the family at Innismore. In an evil hour, she married him, and for a long while we saw nothing of her; but we heard that Bernard Reardon was never at his home, that for hours together Ailey, too, was absent; till the unfortunate news at last burst on the wretched mother’s ears, that several of the leaders were caught, and a hot search was instituted for Ailey’s husband; for many weeks he lurked amidst the recesses of the mountains, a half-starved, wretched being, the military closely following up the track they had in view; the now miserable Ailey, watching, perhaps, the whole length of a summer’s day, could he, but through her means, allay the pangs of hunger with a dry potato, and crouching beneath the shelter of the rocks, so as not to be caught when conveying to him this poor relief, and, conscious all the while, that he was dying of starvation.’ However, to be brief,” said Mrs. Mainwaring, “for I am telling you the story almost in the words of Mrs. O'Donnell, he was at last captured, and the then distracted wife, deaf to the entreaties of her mother, watched at the gate of the jail, to which she was refused admittance, during three weary days. She then became a mother, and when the time appointed for the trial came on, the unhappy woman was in the court house with her new-born babe; sentence of death was pronounced, and the distracted wife broke through the crowd, threw herself at the feet of the judge, laid her child on his robe, and wildly exclaimed, ‘Oh, in mercy kill me, too; the witnesses have sworn falsely, he does not deserve to die.’ A scene of terrible confusion en-

sued, and she was carried, shrieking wildly, out of the court-house, not to her own wretched home, to which her wilfulness and folly had led her, but to a comfortable dwelling provided by her broken-hearted mother. For many weeks she hovered between life and death; but one morning whilst the unconscious babe lay nestled in her mother's bosom, the light of reason returned. She had been an undutiful daughter to her, but the poor mother had left her happy home to seek and to save her; she held the innocent babe forward to receive a kiss, and seeing that she was wishful to speak, but that no sound rose to her lips, my poor foster mother guessed what she would say, and exclaimed, 'Praise God, mavourneen; praise Him in your heart,—for he is not dead but transported.' Ailey spoke not, but her tears fell thick and fast, as she listened to her mother's words. When she recovered, it was her mother's earnest wish to take her home with her; but no, she could not content herself without her husband, and, in the madness of her affection, she besieged and got admittance to many persons of rank and influence in the country, beseeching them to let her go out to him. From each one she got the same reply, 'None but criminals were sent out to the colony to which her husband had been transported.' She forgot every duty, every virtue, and resolved even to *become* a criminal for the sake of the idol she had set up in her heart to worship. To be brief, the miserable, half-demented woman committed a crime, which forced the judge to transport her, too, and, with her babe, she left Ireland, for the same penal settlement. However, when she got to the end of her journey, she found that her husband was stationed far up the country, whilst she was to remain near the town. She wrote to him, but weeks lengthened into

months, and Ailey received no answer. She had behaved so well, that she was left much at liberty, and that liberty she made use of to further her escape, taking her child with her, and roving, like some wild animal, through a wild country, and—she found him.'

"Here Mrs. O'Donnell paused. I was certain, from the difficulty she had to proceed, and from the tears that moistened her eyes, that the worst remained to be told, and that Ailey's mad idolatry of the creature, for whom she had abandoned her Creator, the object of the wild, ungovernable attachment which filled her heart, and for whom she had become a thief, had met with that punishment which so often awaits, even in this life, those who forsake every other duty for this insane and passionate attachment to the idol they set up in their hearts and worship as their God.

"At length my friend continued. 'Ailey found her husband, as I have told you. But how? Why, as a free man; well-to-do, prosperous, successful in the settlement to which he had been transported, and, moreover, married to the daughter of a wealthy overseer.

"'I really do not know you,' he exclaimed, as Ailey, wishful to surprise him, stole upon him unawares, in the garden that inclosed his comfortable home. Coldly and calmly had those words been said, and bursting into tears, she exclaimed:

"'Am I after all, then, so much altered that you do not know me; but look, see, my Bernard, here are the lines I have carried in my bosom ever since we were married, and these will show I am indeed your wife.'

"'Is it possible, then, that it is you, Ailey,' said the deceitful hypocrite, 'I had entirely forgotten you; you are so much changed after all your trouble; but keep very quiet, and I will do you jus-

tice. I am well off, now, and if you go into yonder shed I'll fetch you and the child some food; bless you, my little Mary,' said he, taking the little girl in his arms and kissing it, and then turning to his wife he urged her to retire to the shed, in which she could shelter herself for the present.

"Foolish Ailey, she forget all his falsity, as she looked upon his face once more; and when, true to his promise, he visited her in the evening, she little recked the weight of the blow that was in store for her.

"'Let me look once more,' said Reardon, 'at the lines you showed me this morning, Ailey, mavourneen, they'll make me think of the past, and of the pleasant days we passed in ould Ireland.'

"In all the simplicity and confidence of unbounded affection, Ailey drew the soiled and crumpled paper she had so often blistered with her tears from the receptacle in which it had been so fondly treasured through many a sad and dismal hour. But what was her horror, her indignation, her surprise, on beholding him tear the paper into a thousand pieces. The distracted woman fell on her knees, and a wild imprecation trembled on her lips, but the innocent child pressed its sweet face to hers, and the already half-uttered curse was changed into a bitter despairing cry; all power seemed to have left her; she fell prostrate on the ground, whilst *he* stood coldly by, offered her money to relieve her necessities, and threatened if she did not depart at once, he would send her back as a runaway convict; and then, wishing her good-night, told her he would give her till the morning to consider of the proposal. Wretched, infatuated being, rightly punished, severe as was her chastisement, for her blind idolatry, for, weak as she was, she must needs crawl after him, to see his

shadow on the grass, and then returning and praying God to direct her, mingled her tears with those of her child.

"Long and sleepless was that wretched night to both, and ere the dawn of day had wellnigh broke, the mother caught the sudden inspiration of her child.

"'Let us go home, mother; why do we stay here?' she whispered.

"'Yes, why am I staying here? Why do I stay here, again to meet that cold, cruel face, to listen to the harsh threats of him for whom I have sinned and brought such trouble on me?'

"Long, long, did the wretched woman toil onwards through that wild and desert country, before she reached the spot she had quitted, and, said she:

"'I was afraid they would be hard on me, but they weren't, and, when my time was up, they would have kept me there, but I wanted to set my foot once more on the green sod of my dear native land, and to see my mother before she died; they would have kept the little girl, too, but she would not leave me.

"'And again I looked on dear ould Ireland, and went up to the ould home; but the mother who had loved me only too well had died of grief, though the grass was not yet green on her grave.'

"Yes, changes *had* taken place during the long period of Ailey's absence; the venerated lady of Innismore had passed to her rest, leaving myself in her place; and never shall I forget the night on which my wretched foster sister again stood before me. It was in the gray twilight of an autumn evening. I was ill, my husband absent, and I reclined upon a couch, watching, alternately, the dark shadows of the trees beyond, now shedding their last sere and withered leaves, and their branches

waving to and fro in the evening breeze; and then gazing on the more cheerful scene in the chamber within, with its large, warm fire, flickering ever and anon on the old walls and carved ceiling, but leaving in obscurity the more distant corners, and I was beginning to feel peculiarly nervous, when the step of my own maid fell upon my ear.

"By my directions, she closed the curtains and lighted the lamps, and I then said, 'I feel far from well, to-night, Bridget, so bring your work here, my good girl, for I cannot sit in this large gloomy room alone.'

"The girl hesitated, and then said: 'If madam would not be angry, but there was a poor craythur waiting at the castle gate, who had sorra a bit of clothing on her, and who begged so hard to see her that Bridget had not the heart to refuse asking if her lady would but just see the woman, and make her mind aisy.'

"'Oh! for shame, Biddy,' I languidly replied; 'the idea of asking me to see any one to-night; but go fetch the poor woman here, and remain within call, so that you may be at hand if I want you.'

"Bridget retired, and a few minutes later returned, showing in a woman, whose tattered habiliments bespoke extreme poverty; but the tones of her voice thrilled strangely on my ears, and I was wondering where I had heard them last, when the stranger threw herself at my feet, clasped her hands together, and exclaimed:

"'Oh! foster sister, foster sister, do you not remember the Ailey you once loved so well? Oh! do not tell me that, as mistress of Innismore, you are less kind and gentle than the good young lady with whom I was reared.'

"'Ailey! is it possible it can be Ailey?' I repeated; 'so fearfully altered, and in such a guise as

this; can this be the end of the love match, Ailey? Alas, alas; did not your poor mother say truly, that, with the blindness of youth turning a deaf ear to the experience of age, you were, like too many others, rushing headlong to misery?'

"'Ah, foster sister,' replied the wretched woman, 'spare me! Sure I'm after suffering enough now; wouldn't it break the heart of you to know what trouble I have been in;' and then, added Mrs. O'Donnell, in a voice broken by her sobs, and with all the warmth of her nature, 'she narrated, in her own simple language, the painful history I have this night told you.'

"'And what of Mary?' said I, fearing she had ended her tale.

"'All in good time,' replied my friend, with a smile. 'I doubt much whether the extreme sensitiveness of poor Ailey's disposition would ever have brought her to Innismore in her rags and wretchedness, but that the future of this child preyed so heavily upon her heart. Her mother had left her a little property, but not enough for their support; and she told me that all she had attempted to put her hand to had failed; that a ban was on her exertions in consequence of her undutiful conduct to her mother, and the crime she had committed to further her return to the idol she had so wickedly set up in her heart to worship; and that this ban would descend to her innocent child; that, in fact, what she desired was, that I would take her child, and bring it up in any way I pleased.

"I at once saw a thousand difficulties in the way. Ailey had fallen so low in our estimation, her crime had been one of no ordinary nature, added to which, all her misfortunes were the fruits of her own wilful obstinacy. I refused, therefore, to undertake the charge, saying:

"It is morally impossible, Ailey, after all that has passed, that you can ever come to Innismore again; but I will place the child in some school, where she shall be well looked after, educated, and then apprenticed to some respectable business, and, in the course of time, be able to help you."

"But, lady dear," exclaimed Ailey, "if you will but take my desolate girl to your *own* heart, I will promise anything, however hard the trouble, even if it be never to see her sweet face again; even this I'll promise, if you will but take her. Hear me, now, Alana Machree," she continued, clasping her hands together, and raising her streaming eyes to heaven; "hear me then, may I never see the blessed light of glory, if I break my word, and look on the sweet face of my child more, if you will but let me send her to you."

"It cannot be done," I replied, shaking my head incredulously; "your daughter is no longer a mere child, she will pine after you; besides, the memories of how she has been brought up, Ailey, will cling to her like some darksome shadow; it is almost an impossible thing, too, to suppose that her mind has not suffered contamination from contact with those into whose company she has been thrown; I can make you no further promise, Ailey."

"I was, in truth, getting wearied of the pertinacity with which the unfortunate being followed up her point, when she exclaimed:

"Sure and you need not be after thinking the child will trouble you about me; it's I myself who'll spirit her away, and a friend of mine shall write, telling you that I am dead."

"I can be party to no such deception, Ailey," I gravely replied; but at that moment a well-known step sounded on my ear, and to my surprise, my husband, whom I

thought several leagues from Innismore, stood before me. He had entered the adjoining room with a stealthy step, wishing to surprise and please me with his unexpected return, and had thus overheard the greater part of my conversation with Ailey, with some portion of whose sad history he was already well acquainted; and now advancing to me with a smile at my start of surprise, he said:

"Take the child, my love, it is an act of charity; we will trust in God that she will reflect no discredit upon our care; but, Ailey," he added, "you will once for all understand that you have no further connection with her; these are the conditions you have yourself named; on no others can your child be received."

"Oh! may the heavens be your bed, sir," exclaimed poor Ailey, "for it's the happy and blithe heart you have given me; I'll bring my darling to the castle to-morrow, and you will see how lovely she is, and beyond all, how grateful and how good. And sure has it not been all my trouble lest she should be led away and sin as I have sinned; that thought makes me willing never to look on her sweet face again; and so farewell to you, honored sir, and gentle foster sister," said Ailey, "and the blessing of a lone woman's heart be on you for all your kindness to me."

"The next morning proving unusually fine, I ventured on a ramble amidst the hills around the castle, when the deep silence that reigned around was broken by the full, sweet tones of a woman's voice, warbling one of our own favorite old melodies, such as Ailey and I used to sing together when girls; and a child's voice took up the refrain, and mingled with that of the poor heartbroken mother. At first I could not see them, but I followed, with my eye, the spot from whence the sound proceeded, and I

beheld, seated at the base of one of the hills, the unhappy Ailey, with her arms fondly twined around the waist of a lovely little girl, of some ten or eleven years of age; her laughing blue eyes were raised to her mother's face, and she kissed away the tears which now burst forth.

"And you will be good to the kind lady who is now going to take care of you; and remember, it won't be very long, Avourneen, before I come back," said Ailey.

"Yes, I will be so good, mother darling," replied the child; "and your Colleen will be counting all the months till you come back again, to live so happy with all the money you are going to earn in England, and—"

"I broke through the trees which had concealed me, as the child spoke, resolved to put a stop to a dialogue I clearly saw was becoming very painful to poor Ailey, and advancing with a smiling face, I said:

"This, then, is the little girl, my good Ailey, who is to stay with me, and be my little nurse and companion, till you return."

"Ah! honey, darling," replied the mother, drying her tears, "this is my own little Mary, my sweet Colleen, who has promised me to be very good till I come back, and never to give trouble to those who are after taking care of her."

"Sweet, trusting confidence of childhood, to hear was to believe; and Mary, shy, and half afraid, passed from her mother's side to mine, put up her pouting lips for a kiss, and then returning, tried to dry away her mother's tears.

"I shall leave you here, Ailey, and Mary and I will go and make acquaintance with some of my pet pigeons," I said, at the same time signing to her that I wished her not to prolong her stay. I saw how her heart was ready to burst, in spite of herself. How she strained her child to her bosom, as if naught

on earth should separate her from this one only tie; that it was the devotedness of a mother's love which alone nerved her with courage to make this sacrifice, and I thought it wise, in mercy to herself, to hasten the dreaded moment.

"The whole heart and soul of the mother had spoken in that agonizing embrace; and now advancing, I passed my arm around the child's waist, gayly exclaiming, 'Come along then, Mary, and let us go and see all the fine things which mother saw when she was as little as Mary is now; so good-by, Ailey; I must go alone, unless Mary hastens after me,' I added, turning away. The poor child had indeed only waited for *one* more kiss, and bounded along over the hills, far outstripping myself in quickness of step. I had lingered, too, for one moment, to whisper courage and comfort to the heart of the desolate mother, to force upon her acceptance a well-filled purse, to bid her remember that she had at least acted wisely, and then to cast a last look on the desolate and heart-stricken wayfarer. When I had gained the summit of a hill, she had made but little way, but stood shading her eyes with her hand, vainly hoping to catch one more glimpse of the child, whom I had sent onwards with a message to the castle gates.

"I never beheld Ailey from that morning till she appeared before us to-night, nine years having passed away, though I have often heard from her, as of one leading a wandering, wretched way of life, with no fixed purpose in view. Until now, she has, to the letter, carried out her vow, and even caused news of her death to be conveyed to Mary, a few months after her voluntary separation from her, and it was long before the acuteness of grief the poor girl felt, passed away.

"As to Mary," continued Mrs.

O'Donnell, at the close of her long story, 'you know her, and of her I need only say, that to know is to love her; you now know, too, that she has so wound herself around our hearts, that we have formally adopted her, giving her our own name from the moment she returned from the good Carmelites who educated her. Every sweet and gentle virtue that can adorn a woman, graces her character. My sharpest sorrow now is the knowledge that we shall one day lose her. Deeply seated at her heart is the remembrance of her father's wickedness; and, along with her love for her mother, comes, too, the remembrance of that mother's sins. She will never marry; she has often declared that she will never give her hand to any one, as having a right by birth to our time-honored name; or, with such cause to blush for her parentage, bring reproach upon herself and her children. Her desire is to enter a cloister at no very distant period. I now fear lest her usually peaceful frame of mind should be damped by the sudden and unwelcome appearance of a mother whom she has long been led to consider as dead; nay, I may own the truth to you, I had even encouraged a hope that she really had ceased to exist, as more than three years had elapsed after the report was circulated, and I heard nothing from her, till one day a letter, begging for assistance, was brought to me, in her well-remembered handwriting.'

"Such was, almost in her own words, the narrative of Mrs. O'Donnell," said Mrs. Mainwaring; "and you will soon have an opportunity of judging of Mary yourselves; you will see in her an elegant and accomplished Irish girl; one of those blue-eyed, golden-haired beauties whom we not unfrequently meet with, and whose countenance nature has also endowed with a regularity of feature, and sweetness of expression rarely seen; you will notice, too, lively as is her character, a shade of sadness often steal over her countenance, the result, I imagine, of past sorrows; and when she is not speaking to you, she will sit for awhile gazing into vacancy, her thoughts far away, perhaps in that distant land where her brutal father sojourns, calling back to her mind the day which beheld at once his recognition and abandonment of her as his child."

"Are you tired of my story, now?" inquired Mrs. Mainwaring, gazing around on the happy little circle; "you have listened very patiently, so I hope I have not been prolix."

"Tired!" exclaimed the young barrister; "I only wish to see, ere my return to the Temple, the young lady who is the heroine of such a romantic tale." Of course the sisters, Margaret and Bertha, were not tired, for young damsels are generally voracious of news. And we also hope, dear reader, we have not wearied *you* in thus narrating the early history of one of our TWO MARYS.

(To be continued.)

THE CHURCH ESSENTIALLY IMMUTABLE IN THE POSSESSION AND PERPETUATION OF DIVINE TRUTH AND VIRTUE.

WHEN piety and zeal lead a member of the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church to view the foundations of his creed; to search the Sacred Scriptures; to compare the testimonies of ages, thus producing sublime evidence regarding the origin and immutability of the Church, he not only acts religiously, being thus qualified according to the admonition of St. Peter, "*To give satisfaction to every one that asketh a reason of the hope which is in him,*" but he, moreover, finds it to be a most delightful duty. Increased joy animates his feelings when he beholds the clear and numerous authorities pointing at the Church as "*The mountain of the Lord's house, where his law is taught and his way made known.*" When it is said the Church has been corrupted, although shocked at such a defamation of the labor of Christ, the very atrocity of the charge renders a well-disposed man more earnest about the promises which afford security for faith. He looks through the sacred volume, and there finds that purity and durability are spoken of as the essential prerogatives of the Church. Throughout his research he does not find one single intimation that the work of wisdom would fail; that the stream of truth would be corrupted; that the Spouse of the Messiah would be depraved, and afterwards be reformed by her own offspring; that she would descend in beauty from the heavens to become tarnished on earth, and obliged to receive from the sons of men the restoration of her primitive splendor. Such phenomena do not enter into the mind of a Catholic; such desolating views do not affect his

imagination; such absurd conclusions cannot be drawn from the principles of his instruction. Every reflection of reason, and every testimony of divine truth, give assurance that religion, the saving faith of the Church, is not a slight unsubstantial thing cast to and fro by every passing wind; it is not a meteor, which floats upon the tide of time, subject to the waves of passion. It cannot be compared to a house built on sand by weak-minded men, which, when assailed by the storm, crumbles into dust. It is like unto a structure raised upon a rock, defying the fury of the hurricane and the ravages of the billows. It is the majestic tree watered by a Saviour's blood, springing up to luxuriant magnificence; affording a refuge in its branches and a shelter in its shade; collecting under its mighty canopy all the nations of the earth.

Religion is acceptable to God only inasmuch as it is one and unchangeable; for he is one and unchangeable. It must be perpetually true, as it leads to the throne of Him who is the one unchanging truth. To change Religion is to pretend to change the Deity. Religion is the same in every age, from the beginning to the end of the world. It commenced as a tribute to the perfection of God; such it must continue forever. Such it was for the first man, such it will be for the last appearing on the earth. Religion has become more developed in various dispensations; more illustrious according to the increased distribution of heaven's graces; but it never admits of alteration. Thus it is that the Church wherein the altar of religion has once been

raised, within which have been congregated the flocks to hear, sometimes Prophets, then Apostles, then Pastors, is essentially unchangeable. She stands immovable—all around her ages make their circuit. She is the only unchanged witness of every change. Eternity is her throne—immutability is her motto. In the imperishable structure of the Church of Jesus Christ, no giddiness of principle is to be found, nor any of those sad fatalities which could at all warrant the suspicion of a declension from truth; all is solidity, security, and immutability. The perpetuity of a true faith is the polar star which guides us safely through the doubts and difficulties that beset less confiding minds, until we gaze upon an everlasting Church imbedded in the rock of ages. In it we behold the harmony of the sacred authors—the connection of the various dispensations, and the coincidence of the prophecies with their accomplishment. How the promise made to Adam was renewed to Abraham, confirmed to Moses, published by the Prophets, and accomplished in Jesus Christ, and by him extended unceasingly and unchangeably to all ages and nations. Therein we see religion as a succession of truths depending one upon another; as one eternal chain, of which no link can be broken; held forth in heaven by the hand of infinite mercy, and at last immersing in the effulgent beams of the sun of justice.

All this must appear perfectly clear and decided when we open the Sacred Scripture, where we find a luminous and strong array of testimony proving the necessary and perpetual duration of the Church in all integrity and purity of truth. In the Prophet Isaiah we are informed that God has made a solemn covenant to that effect: "*The Redeemer shall come to Sion—this is my covenant with them, saith the Lord; my spirit which is*

upon thee, and my words which I have put in thy mouth, shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed's seed, saith the Lord, henceforth and forever."—Isaiah 59. Thus after the advent of Christ, *his Spirit and his words*, that is, the whole amount of doctrine taught by the Redeemer, shall remain with the Church throughout all generations. We are aware that any such alteration as an admixture of truth and error; universal corruption of morals; a shadowing of faith by superstition and such-like, must provoke God's indignation. Now the Lord has solemnly promised that such a calamity shall not befall the Church of all ages and nations: "*As I have sworn that the waters of Noe should no more go over the earth, so I have sworn that I would not be wrath with thee, nor rebuke thee; for the mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, that hath mercy on thee.*" Hence, as we are assured that there will not be a second flood, so we are equally assured that the religious institution privileged with the covenant of the Lord, which is indubitably the Church of all ages and nations, will never incur the anger of heaven, and consequently can never deviate from original rectitude, can never halt or swerve on the onward path of eternal purity and truth. The Prophet Daniel speaks of the Church in the following manner: "*In the days of those kingdoms the God of heaven will set up a kingdom that shall never be destroyed, and his kingdom shall not be delivered up to another people; and it shall break in pieces, and shall consume all these kingdoms, and itself shall stand forever.*" What peculiar kingdom has God erected on earth? His Church! Behold it then, standing erect before the

Prophet's eyes, amidst the devastations of successive earthly dominions, itself alone indestructible. Remark the promise that "*it shall not be delivered over to another people.*" It shall always continue in the same hands, although generations will be born and die out, still, by the uniformity of system, of laws, of rule, of doctrine; its people will be the same, and it will be perpetuated by a ministry appointed and preserved by the power of heaven. To such an institution the words of the Canticle are justly applied: "*Who is she that cometh forth as the morning rising, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army set in array?*" Here the Church is beautifully described; first, under the patriarchal law, as the morning rising; second, under the written law of Moses, fair as the moon; thirdly, under the light of the gospel, bright as the sun; and in her last permanent perfection, terrible as an army set in array, on account of the strength against her enemies, over which the gates of hell shall not prevail.

Most certainly those expressive and truly brilliant prophetic passages, taken according to the whole extent of their signification, establish the perpetual truth and unchanging security of the one Church, formerly the dispenser of faith in the Redeemer, and now and forever the witness of His fulfilment of all that had been promised, prefigured, and desired. Those persons who project theories opposed to the claims of the Church, who prefer modern and changeable institutions to its aged and consistent durability, admit its divine origin and coexistence; but they imagine that in the course of time it became subject to the vicissitudes of this earthly scene,—it became affected by the contingencies of man's transitory condition,—in a word, it became corrupted. Could the Church become corrupted? Could we think

so? Could we say so in bold contradiction of the solemn declarations of the divine word? Throughout the passages of Scripture, just now recited, the most beautiful imagery borrowed from the familiar scenes of nature; the most sublime conceptions regarding the dominion of God; likewise the plainest language, and comparisons proportioned to every intellect, are produced to point out the path of religion so evidently, that a fool cannot mistake it when he walks in the footsteps of those who have adhered to the religion continuously, uninterruptedly, handed down from generation to generation. Can we imagine religion, pure and undefiled, limited by years? No; eternity is its goal! Can its sacred principles be for a season curtailed by the infirmities of erring mortals? No; it is a kingdom never to be destroyed! Can it become wasted or inefficient in the hands of those with whom it was once and forever deposited, so as to require renovation at the hands of those who establish a new and distinct dominion, by the very fact of their boasted flight from the Church as from a plague-spot? No; it is an indestructible kingdom, which shall not be delivered to another people! Could it be a curse for any number of years, a source of scandal, a cloud upon truth? No; the very reason of its existence, its very life, is the profusion of spiritual light over those who otherwise would sit in the shades of death, and the dispensation of the glad tidings of salvation unto every age and nation. As it happens that in the natural order the heavens and the firmament bear witness to the glory of Omnipotence; thus, in the spiritual order, the Church, brilliant with graces, bears witness to the mercy of redemption. So that, whilst the music of material harmony praises the wondrous works of God, the anthem of religion swells out in the full melody

of ages, making the name of the Lord great among the Gentiles. Instead of determining our reflections on the fortunes of the Church by the standard of earthly corruption, let us rather follow the inspired imagination of the prophets, entranced in the contemplation of religion's bright, exalted progress. Then, raising your eyes from the sacred volume, you are obliged to gaze upon the wide arch of ages, where religion is seen rising out of the deep of divine purity and love. Its ascendant is the climax of all perfection possible within time's extension; as it declines towards the extinction of ages, its golden lighting falls on the expansive ocean, which, spread beyond the barriers of earth, receives the same orb that cheered the first man with faith. Like the sun seen upon our western skies on a bright summer evening, it is unshorn of its radiance, although enabling the eye of faith to view its outline more defined as it sinks within eternity's unfathomable abyss. Never, says the prophet, has it been delivered over to another people; it alone, beneath the heavens; is unfailing and unalterable, sure in its advance, and beneficial in its effects.

Hitherto we have been inquiring, directed only by a borrowed light reflected in the expectation of the world during four thousand years. We will now turn from those prophetic rays unto the universal orb of light that enlighteneth every man coming into this world. Jesus Christ says of himself, "*I am the light of the world.*" Now this Saviour says to his apostles, "*Ye are the light of the world.*" Upon those words I establish the following legitimate reasoning: The light given by Christ to enlighten the world never can fail, never change, never lead to error; but the Church represented by the apostles is the light given by Christ, therefore it never can fail, never change, never

lead to error. There are some persons who do not hesitate to confine the security of truth merely to the persons of the apostles, or at most to the apostolic age. Such a notion is absurd; for you will please remark that our Saviour provides for the enlightenment of the world. Most assuredly not the world confined within the narrow limits of the personal mission of the apostles, or the few short years of their lives. He speaks of a world including all ages and nations—a world of which he himself is the light; consequently the light extending over that world survives the demise of the first twelve members of the apostolic ministry, and is borne along in the Church founded on the apostles. This is further explained, and the security of the Church against all change is moreover proved, by the terms of Christ's commission recorded in the last verses of St. Mathew. There they are ordered to teach *all nations, all things, during all days*. It is self-evident that this was not done personally by the apostles. The order of Christ, which certainly cannot fail to obtain its purpose, can be executed only through a ministry living always by a succession to the apostles. In that succession necessarily are found all the privileges communicated personally to the apostles. Therefore the Church, in which that ministry is found, and through which the work of Christ is performed, is possessed of the inextinguishable light of Gospel truth, and therefore is secure against any change. You will please to observe attentively how the institution of his ministry is constructed by the Saviour so as to include all nations, all things, and all days. The comprehensive word *all*, so applied, leaves not a nation, a thing, or a day upon which innovators could raise a pretext for the charge of any change whatsoever. The Saviour, still

speaking to the apostolic ministry, promises the Holy Ghost to abide with them forever, to teach all things, *and bring all things to their mind, whatever he had said.* (John 14.) It would be an outrageous contradiction, to those and many similar declarations of the Divine Redeemer, seriously to suppose that the Church ever changed from what it was in the first moment of its institution.

It will be readily admitted that the apostles are the very best interpreters of the mind and expressions of the world's Redeemer. Let us, then, turn to St. Paul, with whom we find the clearest proofs of the never-failing purity and unchangeableness of the Church. According to him, "*The church is the body of Christ*, and he is the head of his body, that in all things he may hold the primacy." (Col. 1.) "He is the Saviour of (this church) his body." "The church is subject to Christ in all things." Now let me ask, how could a body of which Christ is the head become deformed? If he cease to be the head, how can he hold the primacy in all things? Or if the body perish, even though partially, by any change, how can he be its Saviour? If it submit to the intrusions of errors or superstitions,

&c., how can it be subject to him in all things?

Hence follow two truths, which are two established dogmas of our faith: The one, that the successors of the apostles, Jesus Christ being, as we have seen, always with them, shall never teach error, nor ever lose the sacraments; for we must judge of the other sacraments by baptism, which is the first in order, and the foundation of them. The other is, that it is never allowable, on any account whatsoever, to separate from this apostolical succession, because that would be to separate from Jesus Christ, who assures us he is always with it. Here are two dogmas, and two very sure foundations of our faith, which the Divine Word has accordingly proposed to us in express terms, and in the most explicit language. He alone has constructed on this earth an immortal edifice, against which he promised that the gates of hell shall not be able to prevail, assuring his apostles that he will be with their successors, as with themselves, all days, until the end of the world, and thus precluding all future separatists from any lawful commencement of their innovation, or from any infraction of this sacred claim, though but for a day, or for a moment.

WINTER.

Rosy Summer speeds away,
With her charms so bright and gay;
A beauteous vision swiftly fled,
She is numbered with the dead.

Ghostlike Winter now has come,
Mantled in her robe of gloom;
She kisses earth with icy breath,
And nature feels the clasp of death.

Pursue not then life's fleeting joys,
Seek not thou vain earthly toys;
Like Summer flowers, they'll fade away,
And in the tomb's cold shade decay.

PROFESSOR NOAH PORTER BEFORE THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

IN the short paper our many occupations allowed us to prepare on "*The Evangelical Alliance*," we promised to refer in an after article to Prof. Noah Porter's paper on "Modern Literature and Christianity." We trust that in the treatment of this subject, which the *Tribune Extra* says is "extremely important," we may be as successful in giving satisfaction as in our previous contribution. If the *Tribune Extra* means that the subject "Modern Literature and Christianity" is important, we are agreed; but, if the *Extra* means that Prof. Porter's paper, in every aspect of its treatment, is "most important," we must ask leave to differ. We think it is illogical in many places, especially in the beginning, where principles are sought to be enumerated. To show this, we only ask the attention of our readers for a few moments, and we will leave the verdict to the public.

"The term literature," says Dr. Porter, "strictly interpreted, would include every printed work which *attracts the attention of the smallest number of readers*. Used in a more limited sense, it would comprehend all those works which, by the importance of their matter, or the perfection of their form, impress themselves upon one or more questions. Thus applied, it would include every able treatise upon Theology, Science, and Philosophy." We leave it to the greatest admirer of Prof. Porter if these three sentences are not contradictory. First, the term literature, "strictly interpreted," includes every work which attracts the smallest number of readers. Not only strictly speaking, but truthfully speaking, such works belong to literature, but in many cases they

are *the* literature of a nation. Surely Prof. Porter will not descend so low as to say that the literature of a people consists of anything less than the best works, unless he considers the people to mean the lower classes of intellects, able to appreciate nothing save the least worthy portion of a nation's publications. When we desire to praise the literary brilliancy of certain periods, we mention such and such great writers whom that age produced; yet history tells us that rarely did those works receive their due appreciation during the lifetime of their authors. Yet we say such works were the literature of that age. Surely then, these very works which nowadays draw "only the attention of the smallest number of readers," strictly speaking, "alone belong to the true literature of the day," and not those works which, though devoured by the million now, will be repudiated by our successors as unworthy the age which produced those very works that drew "only the attention of the smallest number of readers." "It is obvious that the theme proposed for the present essay," says Prof. Porter, "excludes such works and covers only those printed productions which have a more general character, and elicit a more popular interest; as biography, poetry, fiction, popular orations and essays, as also criticisms and journalism in all its branches."

Unfortunately, the Professor is right in saying that our readers limit themselves in great part to such light works as above enumerated, and hence the reason that the *literature* of this country is limited in its influence, at present to the small number who can distinguish the real metal from the dross which surrounds it. Hence, Dupanloup

says that he is opposed even to the reviews and magazines, inasmuch as they teach readers to be satisfied with a superficial view of subjects. The learned prelate would not be sustained by many in his extreme view of the reading public, but it is not the less true to state that what prevents us from having a real literature is the superabundant supply of what Prof. Porter calls the literature of the people.

"Genius," Dr. Porter continues, "attains its highest form when it divines the popular thought by keen sagacity, and moulds it by fitting words, teaching with authority, improving by eloquence, or entrancing through poetry and fiction." Perhaps we misunderstand the Professor; we cannot see that genius would be manifested in divining the popular thoughts on many occasions, save an *evil* genius, which we are sure the Professor does not mean. On the contrary, genius manifests itself in the effort to oppose the popular thoughts; to bring them back to an appreciation of the true, the beautiful, and the good. Genius may, to a certain extent, be shown in divining the popular thought in such cases, with a view to opposition, but the writer who lowers himself to pen what will please the popular thought when this thought is wrong, can in no sense be termed a genius, however well he may succeed in his nefarious literary traffic. We are astonished that Prof. Porter, who is a stanch church member, should have forgotten himself so far as to say that, "If literature is independent, it must be free from all political and ecclesiastic authority. If the censor may restrain, or erase, or confiscate whatever displeases the ruling magistrate or dominant party, disputes what is laid down by the doctor of science or the priest of the Church, literature can hardly be said to exist. It certainly cannot exercise its functions

as the herald of new thoughts and the exponent of new emotions. On the other hand there are self-imposed restraints of courtesy and decorum, of fairness and tolerance, which grow out of the functions of literature itself, as the professed exponent of truth, by the light of reason. Literature also aims at culture, and culture presupposes refinement of manner as truly as of diction and imagery."

True independence, as we understand it, is the privilege of doing right without let or hindrance. It is subversive of all order to say that an ecclesiastic, *as such*, must be free to write what he pleases of the doctrines of his Church, misrepresenting or misstating them, as the case may be. The ecclesiastical authority which would tolerate this would be an authority only in name. In like manner, the established form of government is in no way obliged that literature may be "free," to allow the publication of works tending to demoralize society, to subvert established and accepted forms of government. Were it otherwise, every firebrand, according to Dr. Porter's declaration, should be left at liberty to write what he pleases against the government, while the latter, forsooth, is to sit with arms folded and to look at political tricksters pulling down the basis of government, or to bear unmoved the buffets and blindfolding of the enemies of law and order. Literature, to be free, must, like mankind, for whom it is written, be subject to higher powers. We are not in favor of muzzling the press; but infinitely better would it be that three-fourths of the weeklies were stopped by the government, notwithstanding the freedom of the press, than to allow those poisonous potions to be dealt out uninterfered with, week after week, as at present. If places of public infamy are to be held under the strong arm of the law, is nothing

to be done with those weeklies which deal in "biography, poetry, and fiction," the latter raising the passions, the desires, and the fancies of youth to such a pitch that the government which does not interfere with the cause of this depravity is afterwards obliged to punish the results thereof? It is not sufficient to be able to try to suppress illicit publications; some law should be introduced requiring such firms as Peterson, Carleton, and others, to submit their villainous publications for revision before giving their works a chance to still further demoralize the youth of the land.

The Doctor proceeds: "A superficial and frivolous people will demand and accept a frivolous literature. An unbelieving and sensual age will sustain and be sustained by a godless and corrupt literature." These assertions admit of no denial. Their application to our own people and country is of such evident opportuneness, that if Dr. Porter had said nothing else, his time was not lost to a good cause, in the ALLIANCE.

"It follows," says Dr. Porter, "that if a people or an age is capable of literature, this literature must hold *intimate relations* to the religious faith and life of the people of the age." How can the Doctor make this assertion agree with that in which he says that "literature, to be independent, must be free from all *ecclesiastic* authority?" "Intimate relations" with any member of a family supposes, if their relations be good, the approbation of the head of the family, generally speaking. How then can literature bear *intimate relation* to the Church, and still be free from and superior to its authority?

We believe Dr. Porter is sincere in his views. Being a Protestant, he cannot help being illogical as soon as he treads on religious ground; but in the following paragraph he strikes a true vein, and

pays, perhaps unmeaningly, but truthfully, a compliment to the Catholic Church, when he declares that "a generation that thinks and feels strongly, will produce a strong and passionate literature. A religion which is founded in the nature of man, and is adapted to his wants, which commends itself to his conscience, and transforms and purifies the press of a nation, cannot but act for good on both the matter and form of literature. Such a religion will elevate and reform the manhood of an age, reaching its manners and speech. It will stimulate the intellect, and guide and inspire the imagination. A religion which is against man's true nature, must dwarf and corrupt the literature, or the literature must overthrow or reform it." Yet this religion, which is to "stimulate the intellect, elevate and refine the manhood of an age," is not to have any control of the literature to be so intimately united with it. Were we criticizing the English of Prof. Porter's paper, we would ask what authority he has for the expression "being capable of literature;" but we allow this to pass. The great importance of having literature subject to some directing agency, at least on spiritual or religious subjects, cannot be better proved than by quoting the Professor's opinion of the power of the "literature of the day." He says: "That literature exerts a powerful influence at the present moment, cannot be denied. It is almost a truism to say that its influence was never so great as now. Never was the authority of its tribunal so imposing. Never did it assume to itself the function of summoning before itself the defenders of a greater variety of opinions, however firmly rooted or sacredly cherished. Never did it criticize so boldly, and yet with such show of courtesy and reason, the faults, the traditions, the tastes and the customs of the

household, of society, of the forum, and the Church."

The Church, then, is to be criticized; if so, it must be from a religious standpoint. The Church is appointed by Christ to teach men, not to dispute with them. How is she to teach in religious literature, if this is to be independent of her?

According to Dr. Porter, the Church is to be reviewed by critics who are her own children; that is, the servant is to be greater than and above the master. The Doctor is forced to admit, in the following paragraph, the incongruity of his original claim, that literature should be free from political and ecclesiastical control. Here is what he says: "The fact that such extravagant estimates of the infallibility of literature are entertained, indicates that at present literature, as compared with the other forces of society, is rapidly increasing in its relative importance and energy.

The books and journals which men read have more to do with what men believe and care for than ever before. . . . In matter of religious feeling and duty, the journalist is more potent than the preacher. The fashionable poet, or critic of the times, has a spell over his readers which no other enchantment can dissipate." Dr. Porter fails to

explain the reasons that render the essayist and the critic so much more powerful with their readers than the preacher with his hearers. The former have a field of illustrations, of portraiture and of reference, with which the people are well acquainted. The latter has to limit himself within certain bounds, and to certain subjects, the treatment of which does not direct itself so pointedly to the acquired information of the people. Another reason is that the preacher does not often seek to interest his hearers by any novelty of treatment or variety of illustration, both of which are used by the critic and

essayist. Dr. Porter knows, but did not say, that when modern poets take up any great subject, they succeed only in as far as they give Catholic tone to their selections, or borrow from Catholic tradition in their illustrations. Poetry cannot thrive where religion does not address the heart. When Protestant poets rise to the dignity of their genius, they breathe for the moment the Catholic spirit which permeates their subject. What those gifted with poetic fire become, without the saving guidance of religion, Dr. Porter testifies when he tells us that "pantheism was made plastic through the all-subduing genius and wonderful diction of Goethe." Besides lending his genius to so ignoble a cause, he left after him the disreputable character most opposed to the nature of the poet,—exclusiveness. Everything he viewed came to him in value only as it related to Goethe.

We would like to review Dr. Porter's opinion of Spinoza's relation to the metaphysical questions of his day, but time, space, and the nature of this article forbid.

The atheistic school, as related to Christianity, also receives its share of notice from Dr. Porter. It is a poor commentary on the religious convictions of the members of one of our largest American publishing houses, that they have as authors in their series of scientific works, very few names save those which figure in the atheistic crusade. One of the most largely read magazines issued in the metropolis, Scribner's, also treats its readers, regularly, to the insidious poison these writers furnish. A short time ago we received some copies of this magazine for inspection, and the first thing we came across was one going to prove the stupidity of the belief that the M. B. V. was at all times, before and after the incarnation, a Virgin.

Dr. Porter quotes from Voltaire

and others, showing how sentimental they were, and what high ideas they entertained of mankind; how anxious they were for the happiness of the species, &c., &c. The mere writing of such articles is very little argument in favor of the author of the *Dictionnaire de Philosophie*, or those of his caste. The most outrageously immoral men have discussed most pathetically on virtue. Byron wrote lines to the Blessed Virgin; Rabelais held his breviary in one hand, while he wrote lines on the pleasure of wine with the other; Bacon insisted on the death of a political enemy, and shortly afterwards wrote adulatory letters to the same. If we remember right, Carlyle wrote to show that Judas was excusable for having betrayed Christ, while the traitor-thief interceded for the benefit of the poor. There is nothing in the writings of such men to cause even the most liberal Christian to take a placid view of their influences. It is to the general conduct of these men, to the general term of their works, that we must look for a fair interpretation of their sentiments. The few favorable utterances they have given to Christianity, only go to show that they had grace to see, but refused to open the eyes of their souls to the truths which these lights manifested.

There are many things in the Doctor's paper which deserve marked commendation. He states some facts which are sad, but too true. Thus he asserts of the circle of modern literature, that "it is an axiom that no cultured nor enlightened critic in letters, unless in exceptional cases, can be a believer in the incarnation, or in miracles. . . . The New Testament, which is full of the supernatural Christ, is felt to be more and more out of harmony with the associations of modern culture. It is either thrust aside with a bewildered or impatient gesture, or quietly let alone."

Most frequently the latter. Men prefer to be undisturbed by the shadows of spiritual truths or manifestations. Hence, when modern critics, either of the press or the review, touch upon miracles, it is either to deny their occurrence, or to nullify any effect the contemplation of these wonders may have had on the public. Not one secular journal, save, perhaps, the *New York Herald*, has given a fair account of what has transpired at the shrines, now the objects of pilgrimage in France. Where journals have mentioned facts related to these shrines, such notice has invariably been accompanied by the sneer of contempt, or the shrug of unbelief.

Catholics, to a certain extent, should congratulate themselves that they have not patronized periodicals which thus throw ridicule on the religious manifestations of the hour. They may also, perhaps, reproach themselves that they have not given sufficient support to such periodicals and magazines as try to explain, place before their readers an impartial statement of these miraculous events.

Catholics, as a body, do not follow the literary fashions of the day, and for this reason they express such contempt, and eschew with such persistence, journals which seek to enlighten men's minds while blinding their hearts. Irreligion is so much seen, because it is fashionable to appear free-thinkers. Unbelievers have the inside track of the press, and hence they constantly come to the front, while confessing Christians timidly remain in the rear. Dr. Porter pointedly says: . . . "The distrust of the supernatural is largely a matter of fashion, and may be carried so far as to reach the extreme of credulity." Eugénie De Guérin says the same in her country fashion, when she declares that "none believe so much as those who profess to believe nothing."

The Doctor says something else, which we reprint in full, though there are some parts of it which can only be accepted qualifiedly. He is right, however, in saying that to reach many, the question of theology must be familiarized through the medium of the press, these subjects being treated in a popular, though respectful tone. On this subject he remarks: . . . "Theologians must be men of literary breadth and culture. They must be willing and even forward to enter the arena of literary discussion, and on the only terms on which they can gain a hearing. They must forego all special privileges, and meet their antagonists simply as cultivated men, using the language which men of letters employ. . . . They must be willing to take blows as well as to give them. They must respect the rules of courteous debate, and abstain from offensive personalities. In short, they must be accomplished as men of culture, and be willing to use culture in the exposition and defence of Christian philosophy." We do not know that Dr. Porter has ever read those beautiful and instructive articles, bearing the initials P. E. M., those of our literary friend, Very Rev. Dr. Moriarty. In these he would certainly discern the erudite scholar, who uses the "language of culture in the exposition and defence of Christian philosophy."

Our Catholic clergy have but little time to write, but when they do so, we think they show much more fair play than their opponents. Never were we struck more powerfully by the supposed *animus* of clerical writers than lately, when examining a work with a view to purchase. "Look out," said a friend, "examine that closely; *it seems to have been written by a minister.*" So that nowadays less confidence is placed in the historical appreciation of character, as given by many

Protestant clergymen, than in the views of a pure infidel.

Again we quote commendingly from Dr. Porter's essay, where he says: "Christianity of to-day will be none the worse if she is mindful that she is watched as never before by keen-sighted critics, who have the power of setting forth her defects with wit, grace, energy, and sarcasm. *Her foes can do her far more good than her flatterers.*" This we hold to be true with intelligent Christians, but we know from experience that it is not the case with the lower class of professing Christians. With them, to read such criticisms will be equivalent to a total loss of respect for religious tenets and practices.

We have many other points marked for review, but we have already filled the space allotted us in this month's RECORD. We will not conclude though, without inserting a portion of a letter lately received from a young friend, who is connected with several journals, and whose thoroughly Christian education makes him feel the full weight of his assertions. Speaking of what Catholic colleges do not do in history and literature he says: "There is one thought occurring to me very often, and which, some of these days, I expect to express. . . and that is, whether Catholic educational institutions could not do more than they do to make the influence of Catholic principles felt in almost every branch of study. For instance, in literature, there is a Catholic spirit and a pagan spirit, and I am often surprised to find that the students of Catholic colleges seem totally ignorant of any distinction between them. It is destructive of any man's faith to implicitly follow the popular standard of criticism in these days, and yet I read even in Catholic journals parrot-like repetitions of thoughts, evidently coming from practically infidel sources. Then I

am inclined to believe that the Catholic side of history is not made as prominent as it might be, and above all that the fundamental principles of government and society are not insisted upon with sufficient rigor and impressiveness. . . Many graduates of Catholic colleges are, I am afraid, open to the charge of liberalism or indifference, and that this is, in a measure, due to Catholic educators too closely following the systems of mere secularists, I have little doubt. Time is denied me to more fully develop my thoughts on this subject, but perhaps you will understand the direction in which they tend."

We do not know of any better explanation than the above, why Catholic criticism is not what it should be. All the arguments required are at hand. Let them only be furnished to the rising students, and they will make themselves effectually heard when the proper time will arrive.

Many things in Dr. Porter's paper have displeased and even astonished us. Withal, we have rarely seen an essay of equal length from a Protestant, containing more that may be husbanded with good effect by Catholics, for the furtherance of the prosperity and progress of literature as related to Christianity.

THE IRISH FUNERAL CRY.

THE well-known custom, so long used in Ireland, of keening, or lamenting over the dead, is of the most remote antiquity. History informs us that it was known to the Greeks and Romans, who, however, seem to have borrowed it from the Eastern nations, among whom probably it had its origin; and from the Scriptures we learn that it was practiced among the Israelites. Dr. O'Brien tells us that the word in the Irish language, as originally and more correctly written, is *cine*, and not, as modern orthoëpists have it, *caoine*: and this makes it almost identical with the Hebrew word *cina*, which signifies lamentation or weeping with clapping of hands. The learned Jezreel Jones, in speaking of the Shillab or Tarmazeght, a language or dialect of the inhabitants of the mountainous part of southwestern Barbary, in a letter to John Chamberlayn, dated "Westmonasterii, 24 December,

1714," declares that "the Shilhenses have the same custom as the Arabs, the Jews, and the Irish, of lamenting over the dead, uttering various cries of grief, tearing their hair, and asking the deceased why did he die? why did he leave them? and desiring that death would seize them also, in order that they might rejoin him whom they lamented." According to an old work, Armstrong's History of Minorca, the peasantry of that island in their lament, ask the dead "if he had not food, raiment, and friends—and wherefore then did he die?" Sir Walter Scott informs us that the *coronach* of the Highlanders is precisely similar to the *ululatus* of the Romans, and the *ullaloo* of the Irish; that the words of it are not always articulate, but when they are so, they express the praises of the deceased, and the loss the clan would sustain by his death.

The funeral song introduced in

Shakspeare's beautiful play of *Cymbeline*, where the scene is laid in Wales, upon the supposed death of the disguised Imogen, will, no doubt, recur to some of our readers.

The Irish have been always remarkable for their funeral lamentations, and this peculiarity has been noticed by almost every traveller who visited them: and it seems derived from their Celtic ancestors, the primeval inhabitants of that isle. Cambrensis, in the twelfth century, says the Irish then musically expressed their griefs; that is, they applied the musical art, in which they excelled all others, to the orderly celebration of funeral obsequies, by dividing the mourners into two bodies, each alternately singing their part, and the whole at times joining in full chorus.

"The body of the deceased, dressed in graveclothes, and ornamented with flowers, was placed on a bier, or some elevated spot. The relations and *keeners* (singing mourners) then ranged themselves in two divisions, one at the head and the other at the foot of the corpse. The bards and croteries had before prepared the funeral *cañnan*. The chief bard of the head chorus began by singing the first stanza in a low doleful tone, which was softly accompanied by the harp: at the conclusion, the foot semichorus began the lamentation, or *ullaloo*, from the final note of the preceding stanza, in which they were answered by the head semichorus; then both united in one general chorus. The chorus of the first stanza being ended, the chief bard of the foot semichorus began the second *gol*, or lamentation, in which they were answered by that of the head, and as before, both united in the general full chorus. Thus alternately, were the song and the choruses performed during the night. The genealogy, rank, possessions, the virtues and vices of the dead were rehears-

ed, and a number of interrogations were addressed to the deceased: as, why did he die? If married, whether his wife was faithful to him, his sons dutiful, or good hunters or warriors? If a woman, whether her daughters were fair or chaste? If a young man, whether he had been crossed in love? or if the blue-eyed maids of Erin had treated him with scorn?"

In ancient times it was the duty of the bard, who was attached to the family of each chief or noble, assisted by some of the household, to raise the funeral song; but, at a more recent period, this has been intrusted to hired mourners, who were remunerated according to the estimation in which their talents were held. We are told that formerly the metrical feet of their compositions were much attended to, but on the decline of the Irish bards these feet were gradually neglected, and they fell into a kind of slipshod metre among the women who have entirely engrossed the office of keeners or mourners.

Of late years the custom has fallen greatly into disuse, and is now of rare occurrence, except in some very few old families, and among the peasantry, and with them it has now generally degenerated into a mere cry of an extremely wild and mournful character, which, however, consisting of several notes, forming a very harmonious musical passage, approaches to a species of song, but is almost always destitute of words.

The crowd of people who assemble at the funerals of the peasantry in some parts of the country, is amazing, often exceeding a thousand persons, men and women. They gather, as the bearers of the hearse proceed on their way, and when they pass through any village, or approach any houses, the wail swells out still louder than before, which gives notice that a fu-

neral is passing, and immediately the people flock out to follow it. In the province of Munster it is said that it is a common thing for the women to follow a funeral, to join in the universal cry with all their might and main for some time, and then to turn and ask, "Arrah! who is it that's dead? who is it we're crying for?" The peasantry everywhere are wonderfully eager to attend the funerals of their friends and relations, and they make their relationships branch out to a great extent. The proof that a poor man has been well beloved during his life, is his having a crowded funeral. Even the poorest people have their own burying-places, that is, spots of ground in the churchyards, which are situated sometimes in the wildest parts of the mountains, their situation indicated by some remnant of a ruin, and a few scattered tombstones and the low green hillocks of the graves. Here, they say, their ancestors have been buried ever since the wars of Ireland; and, though these burial-places should be many miles from the place where a man dies, his friends and neighbors take care to carry his corpse thither.

The first time I ever heard the funeral cry, I was greatly struck by it, owing, perhaps, in some degree, to its coming upon me quite unexpectedly. I was riding along an unfrequented road in one of the most retired parts of the County of Meath; I well remember it was a lovely morning early in spring: the trees were rapidly assuming their most brilliant clothing of green, there was a genial warmth in the air, the sun shone out brightly, and the lively songs of the birds added their animating influence at once to cheer and tranquilize the feelings, and I sauntered on in that delightful state of mind which one enjoys when, all the cares and anxieties of life for a few short moments utterly forgotten,

one is engaged solely in drinking in a variety of undefinable, but yet highly pleasurable emotions from every quarter. A faint wailing sound, so wild and indescribable that it seemed almost unearthly, came floating on the light morning breeze, but so indistinct and so faint from distance, that it was repeated more than once before I could be quite certain that it was more than mere imagination. However, I heard it again and again at intervals of a few seconds, the sound becoming each time more distinct as I approached the quarter from whence it came, or the wind bore it a little more strongly towards me. From a sort of murmur it swelled out into a full tone, and then died away into silence; I know nothing it resembled so much as the sounds of an *Æolian* harp, as they rise gradually in strength, and then sink into the softest cadences. At length, reaching a turn in the road, I perceived at some distance a vast crowd of people advancing towards me, and stretching along a considerable extent of ground; part of them only I was able to see, the remainder were concealed from my view by the windings of the road. In the front, where the crowd was most dense, I distinguished by their cloaks (several of which being scarlet gave a highly pictorial effect to the group) twenty or thirty females, and, in the midst of them, a bier carried by men, who were occasionally relieved by others of those nearest to them. I soon perceived that the funeral song was begun by some of these women, that it was gradually swelled by the voices of the remainder, and the men joined occasionally their deeper tones. The effect of the whole was most striking, and had something even grand in it; the song was guttural, but by no means monotonous, and whether the contrast with the bright and joyous

spring morning may not have rendered it more melancholy and lugubrious I know not, but it certainly struck me as the most singularly plaintive and mournful expression of excessive grief that could well be imagined.

As I drew nearer I perceived that the persons who composed the cortège were affected by very different feelings indeed. Some few of those who followed close to the coffin were evidently overcome by the most heartfelt and poignant affliction. Some of the women especially gave way to the most unrestrained and vehement expression of the liveliest sorrow, weeping loudly, throwing up their hands and clapping them together, or striking them violently against their bosoms. It occurred to me involuntarily that it was no small trial of the true pathos of this ancient melody to see that it bore with undiminished effect so close a juxtaposition with the real demonstration of genuine and unartificial grief; indeed I fancied at times that some of them, even in the utmost abandonment of their sorrow, joined in the wail of the other women, who, by their undisturbed countenances, and unagitated demeanor, pointed themselves out as the professional *keeners* who assisted on the occasion.

As soon as the foremost persons came up to me, I raised my hat for a moment, and turned my horse's head about, aware that it is deemed unlucky if any person meeting a funeral passes it without turning back to accompany it at least some short distance. I am always anxious to yield to such prejudices as this among my countrymen; it costs not much trouble to show some slight respect to their feelings, and I think one is especially called on so to do upon such occasions. It always appeared to me that trifles like these serve greatly to draw together the bonds of charity and

friendly feeling between the different classes in this much-divided country, which it is to be lamented are often heedlessly and rudely broken through by many who, unobservant of mankind, know not that it is one of those immutable laws inherent in our very nature, and nowhere of more force than in the bosoms of our warmhearted countrymen, that a far deeper feeling of gratitude and affection is engendered by an expression of sympathy or participation either in sorrow or joy than by labored kindnesses, which in truth are often felt as absolutely oppressive.

By reining in my horse, I gradually allowed the whole crowd to pass me by, though it seemed almost to be interminable; I was astonished at finding that it extended probably along upwards of a mile of the road and consisted of not less than two thousand people. I then resumed my journey, and in a few minutes the intervening ground hid the entire procession from my view, and the funeral wail gradually became distant, and at last totally died away.

I subsequently learned that the deceased was a very extensive farmer, claiming to be a descendant of one of the old native families, who derive their lineage from the ancient princes of our land; that he had just terminated a long life spent from his childhood on his paternal inheritance, in constant intercourse with the poor peasantry, by whom he was much beloved, not only in consequence of his ancient descent, but from his having had the character of exercising lavishly the hospitality of the olden time, besides possessing pre-eminently in his own person many of the other virtues and qualities which stand highest in the estimation of our countrymen.

It is an interesting fact that Curran, who was from his infancy familiar with the language of his

country, and in his youthful days declare that he derived his first notions of poetry and eloquence from
 took especial pleasure in constantly mixing in the social meetings of the compositions of the hired
 the peasantry, has been known to mourner over the dead.

A SONG FOR CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE mighty God, the Prince of peace,
 Took flesh in virgin's womb ;
 And He, whose name is wonderful,
 To this dark world is come.
 The government is his, and all
 The nations own his sway ;
 His enemies shall prostrate fall,
 And vanish soon away.
 A brighter star than e'er before
 Gilded the sky with light,
 To show the Saviour's meek abode,
 Cheered the lone hour of night.
 The angels tuned their harps of fire,
 And, from the deep blue sky,
 With songs proclaimed the boundless joy,
 That filled the world on high.
 In a stable's lowly manger
 Was the infant laid to rest ;
 But his Virgin Mother near him,
 Soothed and took him to her breast.
 Thus the Eastern Magi found him,
 And, adoring at his feet,
 Offered gifts of hidden meaning,
 Gold, and myrrh, and incense sweet.
 The gold they gave him as their king,
 The myrrh means mortal grief and care ;
 To God the censer's smoke ascends,
 Emblem of faith and prayer.
 Adorable Jesus ! Blessed Mary !
 Shield us with protecting love ;
 Guard our souls from sin forever,
 Take us to the world above !

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE AND ITS NEW YORK CONVOCATION.*

WE have read with great pleasure the article in the November number of the *CATHOLIC RECORD*, with the title "The Evangelical Alliance," and we thank the author for his able exposition of the motives, movements, and mistakes of that mobile body.

Had the convocation in New York been really the first meeting of the piebald society, called the "Evangelical Alliance," it would of course have been the last. The effect, so far as that single convention is concerned, was, 1st. The mystification of most of the well-meaning Evangelicals of the country, who really believe themselves right, and are grateful to any who will prove them so.

2d. The stirring up of the spirit of radicals of that portion of the press, that by a daily exposure of the idea become sensitive to the contempt to which a want of logic exposes those who undertake to treat and to censure this portion of the press, could not fail to see that the tendencies of the arguments and denunciation and unrestrained assertion of the speakers of the Alliance tended to the same unevangelical creed which they (that class of editors) held, and which from day to day they filter through their pens and send abroad by their type and press.

But while these conductors of the press saw the direct infidel tendency of this Evangelic Alliance's teaching, and felt how directly that tendency was towards their own views, they fully despised the meanness of the speakers who would attempt to conceal from the public the unavoidable end of such argument. The conductors of the New York

press seem to be utterly astonished at the hypocrisy of men whose talents, attainments, and powers of eloquence they were so ready to applaud.

3d. The uncharitable, most unchristian, and therefore, we should suppose, most "unevangelical" temper manifested by the speakers of the Alliance, awakened several of the Catholic clergy of New York to a most Catholic and Christian examination of the assertions and denunciations of the Alliance. And the good spirit which pervaded these pulpit discourses placed the Catholic Church higher in the estimation of the thinking portion of New York than it was before the onslaught of the Alliance.

4th. The alliance between the nonconformist and the great representative of the Church of England, by which the Dean of Canterbury sat at the communion table with Evangelicals of all creeds, brought down the protest of the Anglican Bishop Tozer upon the very reverend Dean, and over his shoulder the rod reaches a considerable number of American bishops. The protest of Bishop Tozer awakened the denunciation of the theologians of the press of our country, and in the first place Bishop Tozer was ridiculed as being only a bishop for poor people. Secondly, he was denounced as wholly uncharitable, and entirely destitute of that Christian charity which unites all Evangelical Christians of every denomination, and all denominations indeed, and induces them to unite in the commemorative ceremony of the Lord's Supper; and he and all (chiefly it was hinted) the Catholics who were opposed to such a universal union at the Lord's

* From an eminent gentleman of Philadelphia.

Table were pointed at as ignorant, bigoted people, unappreciative of the glories of the nineteenth century. We do not know when we have seen the secular press more fiercely indignant, or more scathingly denunciative, or more prolific in insulting ridicule than it was in its attacks on the poor Bishop Tozer, and all who held with him as to close communion. But there are the Baptists, one of the most numerous Christian organizations in this country, who hold to close communion, and who, notwithstanding their pride at being invited to share in the labors of this meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, had to submit to these terrible attacks upon their specialty. But as the Baptists are evangelical, perhaps they dare not resent the attack and church ridicule. Perhaps, for the sake of the consequence reflected upon them by lord bishops and very reverend deans, they may be inquiring whether it would not be better to give up the doctrine of close communion, which they derive from the Scriptures, and adopt the stronger light of the nineteenth century. The Baptists were formerly made of sterner stuff, and those of them whom we know now will, we think, wake up to the ridiculous position in which this new Alliance places them.

It seems really as if a new religion were to be established, and the Emperor of Germany to be the "nursing-father." Some of the old emperors, especially the Henrys of a distant period, undertook the same office.

The utter failure of this congress of the Holy Alliance, its fizzle, as a rather common-place writer expresses it, precluded any action in New York towards perpetuating its influence. And we now recollect that there was a branch of that congress held in this city, in the Broad Street Theatre, and small branches flourished in neighboring churches.

One result of the New York fizzle, and that in this city, was—

5th. A meeting of clergy and laity in Spring Garden some weeks since. Of this result we need say but little. It was of no appreciable consequence, excepting as showing the form which the influence of the congress of the Evangelical Alliance in New York is likely to assume. The action of that Spring Garden gathering had two salient points. The first was an attack upon the Catholics in relation to the schools, not, let it be understood, that the Catholics are opposed to schools; on the contrary, they have schools, and academies, and colleges, and ask for more; but then the Catholics think that religion is not a merely Sunday service, and hence they wish that the minds of children should be imbued with Christianity as well as with arithmetic; and as they have to pay their share of the public funds that are directed to the support of public schools, they wish to have the instruction of their schools to include the great duty of man. They do not ask that because they pay their part of public instruction, that the study of the dogmas of their Church should be imposed upon those who pay their share and do not hold to those doctrines. They ask for themselves only what they are willing should be granted to others.

Catholics say to their fellow-citizens of other creeds: "You think our creed is wrong, and you do not wish your children to be instructed therein. We think your creed is wrong, and we do not wish our children to be instructed therein." Why should the public funds be devoted to schools of your kind, to the direct infringement of right? which are as much ours as your portion is yours, and as sacred to us as to you.

We desire, if we have to pay taxes for public schools, that our

families and ourselves should be represented in those schools. We hold to the truth of the great axiom which our fathers enunciated, viz.: that "taxation and representation should go together."

The taxation was abundant in the time of our fathers, but the representation was not allowed till the plan for representation was changed. The British Parliament was not open to Americans, whose taxes helped to sustain that Parliament. So the people of the country took the taxes into their own hands and paid when they needed service.

The Catholics never object to paying that portion of the general tax which is devoted to the education of children. Only they ask that what they pay may not be appropriated to the promulgation of what they consider subversive of that faith by which they hope for everlasting life.

But it is said "the Catholics are opposed to education as they are opposed to the public schools." There are two errors. No Catholic is opposed to a public school. Almost every Catholic church in this State has a school in which is taught the same branches of education that are studied in the public school, and proficiency is made under the Catholic teacher. Is it a sign that Catholics are opposed to education, because they wish their children to be instructed in their creed, and to have that kind of education go on *pari passu*, with ordinary school studies? Then are the Episcopalians opposed to education, as they are seeking by all means in their power to establish and maintain Episcopal parish schools. And no one can fail to remember, who has ever seen the handsome and capacious school buildings of the Society of Friends, in Race Street near Fifteenth, or can overlook the several academies and colleges of that denomination of Christians. But it is not profit-

able to assail the Episcopalians and the Friends. The question with the Catholics is one of money; generally they are not rich like the Episcopalians and the Friends, and can, therefore, scarcely afford to pay their quota of the general tax for the public schools, and then to build their own school-houses and maintain their own schools. England effected one of her great purposes directly by making it a penal offence to educate Irish Catholics. In this country a more circuitous course is recommended by the local Evangelical Alliance.

The conscience of the Catholic children is to be wounded if they go to public schools; and the purses of Catholic parents are to be exhausted if they are compelled to pay for public and also for parochial schools.

We hear estimable Protestant gentlemen say: "Surely there is no danger to the Catholic children in schools wherein no religious instruction is given."

We say that the books of the public schools are anti-Catholic. Until lately they have contained gross falsehoods as regards Catholic actions, Catholic customs, and Catholic creeds. Earnest protest was made against the use of such books in classes where there are Catholic pupils, and for some cause, or rather causes, these books were partially expurgated, but they are partial, and in that respect as histories they are false.

But suppose for a moment an entire impartiality in the books and in the teacher. Is it the duty of Christian parents to send their children to schools *where no religious instruction is given*?

What is the worth of all those years, when the mind and character of the pupil are being fashioned, if in that fashioning the ingredients and the form are not affected by religious sentiment and religious principle? "And man is a bundle of

habits," says the old proverb. What is that bundle to him, if in it there is no religion?

People complain that these public schools are sometimes injuriously denominated *atheistical*. If by that term any person supposes that positive teaching against the existence of a God is intended, then the complaint may be well founded. But as "atheist" really means without God, it would seem that a school in which no religion was taught, was "without God," and, so far, atheist.

But the small branch—a twig only—of the Evangelical Alliance that shot forth in Spring Garden, made the customary point in the Bible. We will not discuss such a matter with the speakers. They know perfectly well that what they call "the Bible" is not what is claimed by the Catholics to be the "Holy Scriptures." And they know well that they do not care for the influence of God's word, because they do not think of any importance what construction man, woman, or child may put upon the sacred text. But will those pious allies take into their own schools, and use as a text-book, the Catholic translation of the Holy Bible?

But a more terrible alarm is sounded by this little Evangelical Alliance: "The Jesuits are coming!" Already five or six of those persons have reached this country, and are known to be among the forty million of people that make up our population, and perhaps more are coming. Several congregations of this order we know have existed in this country for some time; but as they have raised no difficulties, nor upset our national, state, or city governments, it is probable that the danger lies altogether in those who are to present themselves as victims of the cursed persecutions of the Emperor of Prussia, or of the besotted King of Italy.

We do not know exactly what direction the ambition or destructive tendencies of these coming Jesuits are to take. Perhaps it will be by interference with the administration of our national affairs. That seems to be the usual charge against them. In this country the Jesuits have been used by the government to promote peaceful and docile dispositions among the fierce tribes of natives in the interior and on the western slopes of our mountains, and they have been eminently successful in their self-sacrificing efforts, and have received the thanks of the President, and we do not know that any Jesuits have been charged with attempt to do wrong to the government.

But it is said that they *will* attempt to influence the government, and make themselves a power. Now any person of ordinary observation might laugh at such a bugbear. We do not laugh at it; we only say that, under existing circumstances, the Jesuits, if they were twenty times as numerous as they are throughout the world, and if they were all here, could gain no influence in the administration of national affairs.

We will not pretend to deny the possibility of such an influence under *some* circumstances, as it is impossible to shut our eyes to the fact that another order, or rather another religious denomination has acquired an influence in the administration of national affairs that is exciting the fear of some and the envy of others. Undoubtedly a religious denomination has influenced by its superior the policy of the government, especially in the disposal of office. Home official position has been coupled with foreign trusts, for the last of which the incumbent is rendered almost necessarily incompetent by the character and requirement of the *first*; and recent exposition of the affairs of our

public establishment show that he who lays apostolic hands on spiritual aspirants is potent in the distribution of large and small office of a totally secular character.

We do not say that such an interference in behalf of aspirants of a particular denomination is wrong in the head of that denomination, provided that the favorites are competent to discharge the duties of the places to which they are appointed.

We only mean to say that just what is attributed as a heinous offence in people of one denomination may be found in full practice by those who make the charge as implying misdemeanor in others.

We do not mean to be aggressive; we are only giving expression to some of the feelings which are excited by the coarse assaults of men who wish to strengthen bad prejudices, and thus provoke a contest that must disturb the general peace.

We know the charity and the patriotism of a large portion of our separated brethren, but we know also how potent is the voice of mischief among those whose prejudices are cultivated with care; and we know also how impotent to check outrage are the wishes and good intentions of those who, thinking justly themselves, do not suspect others of wrong.

We repeat it, we do not mean to be aggressive; but it is due to truth, to public peace and sound morals, that the mischievous intentions of certain persons be exposed, and if necessary, to show that the charge against a certain religious order of one denomination of Christians may be more than sustained against the self-righteous of another denomination. And we reserve, until further assaults shall demand response, the particulars that sustain our reference.

The meeting of the "Evangelical Alliance" in New York was

confessedly a failure. The secular press of the city, having a spirit of independence arising out of the means of its proprietors (or were the means the result of this independence?), that press has generally done justice to the talents and learning of many of the members of that body, but has not failed of treating the convention with a ridicule that was partially spared, out of respect to the motives assigned for the Alliance, and of the foreign connection of some of the representatives, especially in some other relations which they hold.

It is a terrible thing for men of large self-esteem to find themselves in a ridiculous position, and to find the censure which they feel that they have deserved withheld, avowedly, on merciful consideration. The scourge is kept up or only lightly applied lest it reach over the back of some of the offenders and wound the innocent.

It is not probable that this convocation will be repeated in the same form in this country; certainly not by the same persons from the other side of the water. The convocation will be attempted here on a smaller scale. Sudden wealth and feeble judgment produce strange results, and failure to secure social position by ordinary means often drives people to eccentricity of manners, or excessive profession of piety, or even of vice, to secure distinction.

But surely the English, the Irish, and the Scotch delegates to the great New York failure are pursuing their game with more fierceness than judgment. Is it not enough that, by the most disgraceful and abhorrent of all penal laws, they and their coreligionists have, by denying to the Catholics secular education and the worship of God according to the dictates of their conscience, driven so many thousands from their homes in Great Britain and Ireland, but they must

follow them in their exile and seek to excite hostility, fierce and destructive, against them, in the land which they are enriching by their labors, and in which they are enjoying and promoting civil and religious liberty?

If there are people in the old countries who wish to make a little money or a little fame, by comparing their scientific or literary powers with those of our own people, courtesy seems to require that they should be heard, and fed, and paid; but neither courtesy nor self-respect need be taxed when these vagrant visitors assemble to scatter broadcast the seed of social destruction,

and provoke hostility by their misrepresentation.

To some of the members of the Evangelical Alliance the censure and the ridicule which the proceedings of their convention justly provoked will be painful and mortifying, and they will regret that they were so misled as to expose themselves to the natural consequence of improper association.

To others of that body praise and ridicule will be alike welcome; anything, even censure, that brings their names into print is desirable. Their self-complacency is as impenetrable to censure as the skin of a rhinoceros to the arrow of the hunter.

A GIRL'S DILEMMA.

THIS is the anniversary of an important day in my life. I will keep it by recording the events that led to my present position; let not those stay to read whose hearts have grown too old to relish a love story.

At eighteen, I was one of the most thoughtless of human beings. My widowed father, a rich merchant, had humored every whim from infancy, and asked nothing of me in return but lightheartedness and affection. No one could have known less than I of the shadows and sorrows of life, or have been more childishly occupied in the present. It was the night of my first party, to which I was to be introduced under the most flattering auspices; I was half wild with excitement, and the moment my toilet was completed, I flew down stairs to show myself to my father, who was not going with me, as at first arranged, being prevented, he said, by sudden and insur-

mountable engagements. Well I remember how impatiently I burst open the dining-room door, and with what a bound of elation I sprang towards the spot where he stood, spreading out my beautiful dress, and making before him a sweeping courtesy. I seem to hear now the soft rustle of lace and satin; to feel the glow that burned on my cheeks, and the quick throbbings of my happy heart. I had not at first noticed, in my eagerness, that the table was covered with papers, and that my father was not alone. Mr. Lacy, a lawyer, his friend and mine—for I had known him from my cradle—sat opposite to him, and a second glance showed me how grave and anxious were the faces of both.

"What is the matter?" I asked, laying my hand caressingly on my father's shoulder. He looked at me fondly till I saw the tears brim his eyes.

"My darling!" he said in an

abrupt passionate way. "We will not tell her, Lacy. It would be cruel. Let her have at least a few more happy hours; she need not know to-night. How will she bear it?"

Mr. Lacy looked increasingly grave. I had become very grave too; my childish excitement seemed to have given place to a sudden and almost womanly seriousness.

"It is of no use hiding anything from me," I said, trying to smile, though I trembled from head to foot in vague foreboding. "I could not go to the party now; tell me what has happened." The expression of my father's face deepened to anguish; he put his hands before it, as if the sight of me was too painful to bear. I turned to Mr. Lacy.

"Do you tell me!" I implored. Mr. Lacy fixed upon me the fine searching eyes whose reproof had been the sorest penalty of my life hitherto, and kept up the scrutiny till I could bear it no longer, earnest and kindly as it was. I knelt on a cushion before him, and leaning my arms on his knees in a favorite attitude, I returned his gaze with a steady though tearful one.

"Try me," I said; "perhaps I am more than the giddy child you think me. Besides, it cannot be so dreadful—you are both alive and well!"

A peculiar expression passed over Mr. Lacy's face. He seemed hesitating whether to draw me into his arms, or to push me from him: he did neither, but rose up suddenly, putting me gently back, and took a few turns through the room.

"Halford," he said presently, and in agitated tones, "once more I renew my offer. Of what use is wealth like mine to a lonely man? With the help I can give, you may keep your credit, and breast this storm. You shrink from an obligation there is a chance of your never being able to cancel? Well,

I will change places with you. Give me in return—that is, if I can win her to consent—your daughter as my wife!" My father looked up with a literal gasp of astonishment. Mr. Lacy went on without heeding him. "I am a fool, no doubt," he said; "but the time has long gone by when Mildred was a child to me. For the last two years, I have felt from the depths of my heart that she was a woman; I have fought against the insane wish to win her for my wife; my age, my past relations with her, seemed to make it a crime. Now I have spoken: God knows, as much to save you from the disgrace you are so obstinately bent on meeting, and her from the poverty that would crush her youth, as to satisfy my own feelings. What she is to me, words cannot say; how I will guard and love her, my life only could prove. Mildred, what do you say?"

He paused opposite me, and took my hand: I was like one in a dream. Love! Marriage! Brought up as I had been at home, I had speculated less on these points than most girls of my age. I had vague theories, indeed, gathered from poets and novelists; and my feelings for Mr. Lacy, a man of forty years of age, who had nursed me as an infant, and whom I regarded with almost unlimited reverence as one of the best and wisest of the race, did not seem to correspond with them. I was unworthy of the honor—incapable of fulfilling the office of wife to such a man. Wife!—it seemed almost wicked to mention the word to such a child as I was. I shrank back from him towards my father, my cheeks burning, and my eyes full of tears.

"You refuse me, Mildred?" said he. "I should be a villain to take advantage of my position, and urge you. Yet in my heart I believe I could make you happy: what would you have but youth that I could not give you? There are many

chances against your ever being offered again a strong, honest, undivided heart like mine. No young man could love as I do. Mildred, what you might be to me!"

The strange tone of passionate earnestness made my heart beat thick. I glanced at my father; he was watching me with intense anxiety: no need to question what his wishes were. As for the meaning of this strange scene, I wanted no details; enough that some monetary crisis had come, that threatened disgrace and ruin. I could avert it; and how? By marrying one whose affection might have gratified the most ambitious heart—one of the noblest of men—one I loved, though perhaps not as he loved me. In that hour of excitement, and in my undisciplined mind, little was I prepared to weigh remote possibilities and contingencies; besides, I was ardent, excitable, apt to mistake impulse for sentiment. "Mildred, what you might be to me!" wrought upon my sensibility; his expression of subdued emotion still further moved me. It never occurred to me, to demand time for explanation and reflection. I felt constrained to answer him then and there.

"If I were less a child," I said, blushing and trembling—"if I were more your equal"—

It was enough: he drew near me, and clasped me in his arms. Then releasing me, and gazing at me seriously: "You give yourself to me willingly, Mildred; but I will not bind you. Six months hence, I will give you back your freedom, if you are not happy; and you will find it hard to deceive a love like mine."

My father rose and grasped his hand in silence. "God bless you," he said at length; "I would have borne much to secure such a protector for my child. Leave us, Mildred, to arrange some matters that cannot be delayed even till the

morning." I was eager to obey, and be alone to think; and I left the room without a backward glance.

That half hour had revolutionized my whole being. I was a child no longer. I locked my bedroom door, to give way to all the tumultuous emotions of a woman. Sued for as a wife—engaged! I looked at myself in the glass, and wondered that a man like Mr. Lacy could love such a young unformed creature as I appeared. There was an incongruity in it that struck me painfully. Still, there was a distinction in his regard that flattered me; I had a very high esteem for him; I was warding off a calamity from my father; I loved no one else—no doubt I should be very happy. I sat down on the edge of the bed, and leaned my head—little used to ache with such grave matters of reflection—upon my hand. Unaccustomed to dream, at that moment an involuntary dream rose before my imagination. Instead of this strange compact, the wooing of a youthful lover; instead of mere consent on my part, the delicious hopes, the rich fruition of a conscious, active passion. Might it not have been thus? If beauty won love, I was fair enough; if freshness and strength of heart were needed, how mine throbbed under the ideal of bliss! The sound of Mr. Lacy's voice recalled me to a sense of my duty to him; it was wrong to dream of such girlish possibilities now.

He was going away, and my father had accompanied him to the head of the staircase. I suppose he had asked him if he would not wish to bid me good-night, for I heard him answer: "No; she would not wish to be disturbed—I fear to weary her. God forgive me if I am acting a selfish part!" I rose up resolutely; no more such weakness as that of the last hour: he was worthy of a woman's love and

honor, and I would give it. The next two months passed in a state of tranquil happiness. If manly devotion, if the most delicate and minute attentions could win a heart, mine would have been won; and I thought it was, and reposed on the idea.

Mr. Lacy made no attempt to prevent my plunge into the gay world, postponed for a while by the late strange incidents. Now and then he would go with me to party or opera, but it was in the character of protector or spectator, not as participant; and I felt his presence a restraint. I was by no means a coquette; I strove to bear always in mind that I was his affianced wife; but I was only eighteen; ardent in temperament, with high animal spirits, very much courted and admired, and I did enter with a keen zest into the pleasures of life. His grave smile, in the height of my enjoyment, used to fall like a weight on my heart.

He himself, holding an important and influential position in the world, was full of earnest schemes of practical benevolence, of professional reform. He seemed to think, labor, and write mainly with an eye to other men's interests, and those in their highest and widest bearings. He liked to talk to me of these things, and excite my moral enthusiasm; and while I listened, he carried heart and conviction with him, and I felt a call to such co-operation an honor, in which sacrifice could have no part.

At the end of two months, Mr. Lacy left me to attend a summons to his father's death-bed. He expressed no fears as to the result of this separation, though I perceived a deep secret anxiety. I shared it. I had a morbid dread of the effect of this absence.

"Don't leave me," I cried, clinging weeping to his arm. "I am afraid of myself—afraid of becoming unworthy of you."

"How, Mildred?" was his answer. "If you mean you will forget me, or discover you are mistaken in thinking you love me, it will save us both a life-long misery—me, at least, a life-long remorse."

For a week or two after he left me, I hardly went into society; but my father and friends laughed at my playing the widow, as they called it, and I soon resumed my former gayeties, with, however, a certain restraint and moderation which I felt due to Mr. Lacy.

At length the temptation beset me of which I seemed to have had a vague presentiment from the first evening of Mr. Lacy's offer, and it beset me under its most insidious form. My father's friend, Mr. Ingram, and his son, came to pay us a long-talked-of visit; and even before they arrived, I had begun to torture myself with doubts as to the issues of this intercourse. As children, Frank Ingram and I had spent half our time together; and as children had pledged ourselves to each other. Five years had passed since we had met, for he had been studying medicine abroad; but an unbroken, though scanty correspondence had been always kept up between the two families. Frank had been my ideal as a child. If I found him so still—if I were to love him!—if, when he came, he brought with him that future about which I had dreamed—brought it in vain! There was something morbid in this state of mind; but the idea had fastened upon me, and I could not shake it off. My very self-mistrust was a snare.

Mr. Ingram and Frank duly arrived; and of Frank I must speak the truth, even if I am accused of a wish to justify myself. Every charm a young man could have, I think he possessed. I say nothing of his personal beauty, or his ingenious graces of manner. I could have withstood these, though I had a very keen appreciation of them.

But he was as full of disinterested ardor in his profession as Mr. Lacy in his; had the same deep desire to be of use in his generation—the same unselfish plans and aspirations; only he unfolded them with such a winning self-mistrust, as if he doubted his worthiness for the high vocation of benevolence, until he warmed into enthusiasm; and then the passion of his speech, the very extravagance of his youthful hopes, thrilled me with a power far beyond the reasoned wisdom of Mr. Lacy's enterprises. Oh, I longed to join hands with him in his life-journey, and lend my aid to the working out of his Utopia, with a spontaneous fervor of desire never known before!

Lesser things lent their aid. He was a fine musician, and an enthusiast in the art: we practiced constantly together. He taught me how to play and sing the German compositions he had introduced to me. I do not wish to dwell on details; but who does not know how subtle a medium of love a kindred pursuit and enjoyment of music is?—and Mr. Lacy had never cared for music. Then, again, he was my perpetual companion: at breakfast, his clear eyes and welcoming voice opened the day; and after its long hours of delightful intercourse, his hand was the last I clasped at night. No attempt was made to put any restraint upon this dangerous companionship. My father looked upon us as brother and sister; besides, the fact of my engagement was known, and he had the most implicit confidence in Frank's honor. He never considered my danger, yet it was the greater. He might be strong, but I was weak. In short, I loved Frank.

A letter, announcing the probable day of Mr. Lacy's return, roused me to a conviction of the truth. I carried it up to my room, locked the door, and fell on my knees. What should I do? Should I keep

my secret, and sin against my own soul by marrying one I did not love? Surely that were the worst crime of the two. What was left me, then, but to wound a noble heart, belie my promise, inculpate my father? It seemed a dreadful alternative. After hours of agonized casuistry, I could not decide, but determined to leave the final issue to chance. Did Frank love me? Strange that I took that fact for granted, torturing myself with the idea of what he would suffer—he, with his young strong capacity for sorrow! This is not to be a long story, so I must not stay to analyze the state of my mind during the interval that elapsed before Mr. Lacy's return. A criminal awaiting a sure condemnation, and that approved by his own aching conscience, would understand my feelings.

The evening came on which we expected him. Never had our drawing-room worn a more happy home-like character. My father read the newspaper at ease in his ample chair. I sat near the tea-table, for a certain hour had been fixed, and we waited for our guest before we began our favorite meal. I held a book, to hide the changes of my countenance. Had I doubted Frank's love before, I should have doubted it no longer; how earnestly and searchingly he looked at me—how grave and sad he appeared!

The knock came. It was natural I should start. Mr. Lacy came in; he was one of those whose self-governed, serene manner precludes flutter or embarrassment in others. The gentle friendliness of his greeting reassured me for the moment; under it I could hardly imagine the strong passionate current to exist that sometimes broke its bounds.

The evening passed smoothly and pleasantly to all externals. Mr. Lacy was very grave, but then it was to be expected of a son who had just left his father's death-bed;

and Mr. Ingram's animated tongue filled up the intervals when conversation would have flagged. Frank and I sang together at my father's request, for I feared to seem unwilling; besides, it precluded the necessity of my exerting myself to talk. Frank was very serious, and, I thought, averse to sing with me; but at the same time he had never sung to more advantage.

The ordeal was over at last. Mr. Lacy took his leave, without anything in his manner to make me fear, or perhaps hope, that my secret was discovered. A week passed; he was constantly with us, showing me the same tenderness as ever, somewhat graver, but as certainly more gentle. He seemed, too, to make a point of seeking Frank's society, and spoke of him in high terms to my father. Oh! what a heavy heart I carried during that period. Looking in my glass, I thought with wonder of the change six months can work in mind and body. At the end of those seven days, I came to a resolution that nerved me with something like strength. I thought I would seek a direct interview with Mr. Lacy, tell him the whole truth, and throw myself on his generosity. Let him but release me from an engagement that became every hour more intolerable to contemplate, and I would consent to enter on no other. Let him but free me, and I would live unmarried forever—yes, though I must take labor and poverty as companions.

It was the very evening of the day I had come to this decision, that I chanced to meet Mr. Lacy on the stairs, at the hour of his usual arrival. Here was the desired opportunity, but I trembled to avail myself of it. He forestalled me.

"Give me a quarter of an hour alone, Mildred, in the library," he said. "I have wished to have a few private words with you for days."

We went in; he placed me a chair near the fire, and closed the door carefully, then came up to me, standing before me as he spoke:

"This day six months ago, Mildred, I made a promise I am going to redeem. If you are not happy, I said, I will free you from the engagement you made with me. You are not happy. I suspected the truth from your letters—those painful letters—and I saw it confirmed the first night of my arrival. The expression of your face, the tone of your voice when you spoke, would have set the strongest doubt at rest, killed the most pertinacious hope." He paused a moment, then went on as calmly as before: "I acquit you of all blame, Mildred; it was I that acted the unworthy part, taking unmanly advantage of my power to help your father and your untried child's heart. If I were not now the only sufferer, I could scarcely bear the retrospect; but I am, thank God! As for your father, our fears magnified his danger: the little help I was able to give, has re-established his position as firmly as before. He will repay me; you owe me nothing. I have had a wild dream, but I am awake at last—awake enough to see it was a fool's idea that a man like me could win a young girl's heart."

He was calm no longer; but he turned abruptly away to hide his emotion.

"Mr. Lacy," I cried, striving to stifle the conflict of my love, "I would fain do right. I have a deep esteem for you—I"—I broke off. "Give me a little time," I added, passionately renewing the effort; "I shall conquer this love of mine—I will become worthy of you after all!"

"Conquer the purest feeling of a woman's heart! Offer yourself a sacrifice to my selfishness! No, no; Mildred, yours is the season of blessedness—mine is already

past. Presently, I will come back to you in my old character, and be able to say with less difficulty than I do to-night, 'God bless you both.'"

I saw no one that evening, for I went at once to my room. What a night of misery and conflict I passed!

The next morning, Frank came to my private sitting-room, and knocked for admittance. He held a letter in his hand; his fine eyes were suffused with happiness.

"Sympathize with me, Mildred," he said; "I feel too much to bear it alone. I have never talked to you about her, for I could not trust myself with the subject while a doubt remained. Now, I will tell you about my darling; she is as worthy of a true man's heart as— as Mr. Lacy is of yours. By the way, Mildred, I was very anxious about you that night he came home, for your manner was not—not what, were I in his place, would have satisfied me; but that is the form a woman's caprice takes with you, I have concluded. As for not loving him at bottom, I don't dare so to impugn your noble heart and understanding."

Frank talked on long and earnestly—told me the story of his love, read me his letter; but I heard nothing distinctly, understood nothing fully. One fact I grasped, that he was going to leave me to-morrow—going to this darling of his—and that if I had a spark of dignity and womanly sense left, I must excite it now. I don't know how I bore my martyrdom; but I won its crown—Frank bade me good-by without a suspicion of the truth.

I ran once more to the solitude of my chamber. I felt abandoned—prostrate. I flung myself on the bed in a transport of despair. Why, I had lost all! Had I been so criminal that my punishment was so heavy? "Oh, Frank!" I cried, "how I have loved you—

what life might have been!" Then I reflected, if Mr. Lacy loved me as I loved Frank, what a fine spirit and nature he had shown, what a rare gift such a heart was! Miserable as I was, it was deeper misery to think I was the cause of his.

I was very ill after these events, and fears for my health quite absorbed any anger my father might have felt at the disappointment of a cherished desire, or perhaps Mr. Lacy, by his representations, had shielded me against it. When I recovered, people said I was very much altered; and so I was. The flush of youth was passed; I was not twenty, but nothing of the childishness of a few months back was left. Frank was married; and Mr. Lacy we never saw, at least I never saw him. Disappointment had made life an earnest thing to me; and taught by its discipline, the character of my former lover rose in dignity in my eyes.

How was it that what I had thought would be a lifelong regret—my love for Frank—seemed a transient emotion, of which the traces grew daily feebler? Had I sacrificed my happiness to a passing fancy? Or was it that at my age one cannot long cling to the impossible? Little signified the seeming contrariety of my heart, for the fact remained—if I had never loved Mr. Lacy before, I loved him now. I thought perpetually of the incidents of our brief engagement—every word of endearment, every look, had its hold on my memory. I recalled his opinions, framing my own stringently by them, and followed his public career so far as I was able, aided by my deep knowledge of the high principles and motives that actuated it.

The feeling grew in silence, till my former love for Frank was but a child's dream in comparison. To hear his name mentioned, and always mentioned in connection

with something honorable, moved me with a strange passion of feeling—and he had loved me! Oh! did he love me yet?

Time passed, and I had long resumed my former relations with society, and had met with successes enough to gratify my heart had vanity been my ruling passion, or could I have adopted it in place of the one which was secretly sapping the fresh springs of life. Sometimes the idea occurred, that it might be possible, without any compromise of womanly dignity, to ascertain his feelings for me, and if they remained unchanged, to teach him the change in mine; and then I fell into that coloring of a bright future which seems to be the ordained and Sisypheus-like penalty of the unhappy.

My chance came at last. At a large dinner-party, I unexpectedly met Mr. Lacy. He came to me at once; spoke kindly and gently, as in long-past times; but there was nothing to lead to the idea that he still loved me—no hesitation in the well-known voice, no latent tenderness in the searching eyes. I could not bear it, and wished he would leave me to myself, and not torture me with that cruel friendship. At my first opportunity, I turned from him, and engaged myself in conversation with a gentleman who was well known to be one of my suitors. It appeared like coquetry, but it was the eagerness of self-mistrust. That evening seemed very long, and insupportably painful; I had not known how tenaciously I had clung to hope until it failed me. When Mr. Lacy came forward to help me to my carriage, I felt I could hardly receive the ordinary civility from him without betraying myself.

I was surprised when he begged me to turn into an empty room we passed on our way to the hall. "Mildred," he said, "I was going to ask you when we first met to-

night, whether I might resume my old relations in your family. Nearly two years have passed since we last met, and I thought I could bring you back the calm heart of a friend. But you have so studiously shunned me, that to ask permission now seems superfluous. What am I to think? Have you not forgiven me yet for the misery I cost you?"

I was silent. If I could have fallen at his feet, and sobbed out the truth, I might have been blessed for life; but that would have been too great a sacrifice for even love to exact from a woman's pride.

"If the deepest sympathy in your disappointment could entitle me to the character of a friend," Mr. Lacy pursued, "you would give me your hand willingly. Pardon me, Mildred, for what may seem an unmanly allusion, but it is best to make it—if there is any chance of future friendship between us. It was hard to give you up, harder still to feel the sacrifice had been in vain. Had you been happily married, I could have returned to you sooner; but suffering, and to feel I had no power to soothe"—

This generosity was too much for me. I rose up hastily from the seat I had taken. "I cannot bear it," I said rashly; "the past has been cruel enough, but this is worse than all. Oh, I am miserable! Friends we can never be—let me go home!" I spoke with the fretfulness of a child; he looked amazed.

"Am I again deceived?" he asked. "I was told that the gentleman I saw you with this evening, Mr. Branson, was your accepted lover. I know him well; he deserves you, Mildred. I rejoiced to see you bright and animated, as you used to be, in his society—to think there was no blight on the future for you at least. What can you mean? You will not risk, surely, the happiness

of both? Pardon me," he added, coloring, "I forgot I have not even a friend's right to warn."

On the brink of one's fate, to deliberate is to lose all.

"Mr. Branson is nothing to me," I said, white and trembling, "and will never be more; the past will not let itself be so soon forgotten." My tone seemed to excite him.

"Mildred!" he exclaimed passionately, "did you, then, love him so much? Ah! had mine been the power." He drew a long breath, and fixed for a moment a gaze on my face, that solved my last doubt, broke down the last barrier.

"Frank has long been forgotten," I said, and instinctively I held out my hand—"that was a child's love.

What I want of the future, is to be what the past once promised, Mr. Lacy."

I had stood erect, and spoken audibly, up to this point; but here my head drooped, my cheeks burned, yet from no ignoble shame. One quick glance of searching astonishment, one rapturous exclamation, and I was folded in his arms.

"Mildred, forgive my doubt. You have regretted me—you love me?"

"Beyond what you have asked," I stammered, hiding my face on his shoulder—"beyond friendship. I feel I have found my ark of refuge!"

CONFERENCES ON THE BIBLE AND THE CHURCH.

ALL NATIONS ARE UNDER A CURSE. IS A CONSEQUENCE OF THE CONFORMITY OF MOSES' HISTORY WITH THE TESTIMONY OF ALL NATIONS. THE DEPOSITORY OF THE PROMISES OF DELIVERANCE.

X.

THE falsities and impieties united to every part of the ancient ceremonial by the evil passions of men, never so obscured the innocent and significant religious practices as to disprove the original institution as so many obligations and warnings to all worshippers to be pure; to render glory to God and service to mankind, with the hope of being rewarded. The heathens universally, and the Jews frequently broke those solemn and general promises. They made the whole merit of religion to consist in the material ceremony, without minding their obligations, nor the curses solemnly fulminated against transgressors.

A large portion of the Scripture of the Jews is a history of their prevarications; whilst the heathens progressed so much in corruption

as to fancy that things utterly repugnant to the order of nature could be lawful. They pretended to have an unlimited power over the life and body of a slave, whose health and preservation are as precious to Christians as their own, because he is the child of the Lord as well as themselves, and has a right to sit at the same religious table. Men were as corrupt, and in reality more barbarous at Tyre, Athens, and Rome, than the cannibals. The latter swallow with eagerness, on a feast day, the blood of their conquered enemies; and the heathens, in their games, saw with delight the shedding of the blood of a multitude of men who had never offended them. This barbarity was an amusement at the amphitheatre, an act of devotion in the funeral ceremonies, and a suc-

cor in times of public calamity. A careful imitation of the shows of Greeks and Romans was considered a palliation of ferocity. The people of the North and the West supposed they became civilized by adopting these cruelties, which were equally inhuman and infamous. In time they migrated from Rome to several large towns, where the arenas seen by travellers at the present day testify the successive progress of the most predominant depravity. Surely corruption must be of the highest degree imaginable, at a time when daily practices, which were so glaring a subversion of nature, humanity, and society, had assumed the names of piety and politeness. Neither conscience, nor the instructions inseparable from the ancient worship, nor philosophy, nor the wisest laws—not even those of Moses, which had been translated and generally circulated—nothing, in short, could stop the torrent of evil. However, all men bound themselves solemnly, even with imprecation, to honor God, and strive by the practice of justice to deserve a better life; and although the assistants did not, perhaps, always repeat the form, the gesture of the sacrificer stood in lieu of it. The engagement was public, all men performed the sacrificial rite, and consequently, all being found unfaithful were under the displeasure and curse of the Lord, and in extreme need of mercy. Hence the history of Moses and the state of mankind explain very satisfactorily the causes of the gospel dispensation.

If God has deposited promises of deliverance and salvation, all must have recourse to that depositary. And since, avowedly, all stand in equal need of the remedy, we are equally concerned to know if it is really the work of God. The history of mankind, such as we have it from Moses, shows us the fall of the first man, and the uni-

versal corruption of his posterity. On this score all desirable and essential monuments coincide. If, from the common origin and the universal practices of mankind, related and warranted by the vestiges spread all over the earth, we pass on to the singular vocation of Abraham, and the history of his descendants, we shall find that its monuments now extant are really innumerable, as we will see in our future observations. That history, and the promises it contains of our deliverance, borrow a new degree of notoriety and certainty from the authenticity of the archives wherein the history and the promises have been preserved. Those historical memoirs are no longer the instruments of some private families in particular, but they become public if a whole nation keeps and preserves them in its own name; and they become divine if the Lord adopts and places them in a depositary ostensibly of His own choice.

That the authenticity of the acts by which the Lord has promised and prepared our blessings may be perfect, it is necessary that the place where these acts are deposited should be accessible for consultation, recognizable by the most undoubted characteristic of a legal authority, and kept with such caution and strictness as may prevent their being lost and scattered. Now we find the deposit committed to the charge of a celebrated nation, so that all the desirable requirements were accomplished. The nation, keeper of the archives of mankind, was placed in Palestine, on the banks of the river Jordan, and along the Mediterranean, in the exact centre of the three continents that were anciently inhabited. The Africans could not go from Suez—their only passage between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean—to enter Arabia, without taking Palestine in their way. The Arabians, coming out of their

deserts, met the river Jordan. When Europeans were at the end of their longest voyages on the Mediterranean, they arrived in Asia Major, upon the confines of Palestine. The Persians and the Eastern nations could not pass the Euphrates, and visit the provinces of the West and South, without coming into the neighborhood of Syria and Palestine. The place of the deposit was accessible to the whole universe; yet the nation to which it was intrusted was made known to the rest of the world with some reserve, and in the gradual course of time. We shall soon see the reasons for this concealment and isolation. This economy lasted to the time when the fulfilment of the promises was near at hand; then the Jews, already known by several instances of divine protection, and even dreaded on that account by Egyptians, Syrians, and Babylonians, began to have correspondence with other nations. Several Israelish families were by compulsion dispersed towards the river Araxes, and in other northern regions. Many families voluntarily settled at Alexandria and Cyrene, at Damascus and Antioch, at Tarsus, Thessalonica, and Rome. Their books, translated from the Hebrew into Greek, gradually spread the knowledge of the promises made to Abraham, the head of the Jewish people. The East and West began to publish that the Liberator and Master of all was to come out of that one particular nation. This hope was universally divulged: "*percrebuerat rumor*," for which Tacitus and Suetonius are our principal authorities. It is true that they apply the prophecy to Vespasian and Titus, in the same manner as Virgil had applied it to one of Livia's children, who was designed to succeed Augustus; but this attribution, though arbitrary, and made by badly informed interpreters, supposes the expectation of a

change in the state of mankind, which was to proceed from the Jewish people.

The nations became informed, and the promises of an event of universal interest being in the hands of the Jews, could be easily consulted. Nothing could be fitter to prove the Gospel than the facility with which the blessing of the word of life, delivered to all nations by the apostles of Christ, might be compared with the promises of which the Jews were trustees. This people had been known to the world a long while; and if the deposit remained as stationary as the bulk of the nation itself, until the preaching of the Messiah descended from Abraham, it was in order to prepare for his birth,—to manifest his family by a genealogy legally preserved in public archives, and to set in the brightest light the faithful accomplishment of the promises in the exact time pointed out by the decrees of Providence. The deposit, the records, and the nation which preserved them have subsisted ever since that signal event. They may at all times be recurred to for information of the truth of the facts supposed by the Gospel. The Christians cannot be the inventors of them, since the Jews, avowed enemies of Christianity, preserve these records with religious veneration. That nation, in its different states, lends its ministry to the Gospel, without ever suspecting any such co-operation. When stationary, it preserved the preparations for the Gospel, and when dispersed, it spread its proofs over the world.

It cannot be denied that the Jewish nation was, by its constant sojourn in the centre of mankind, and afterwards by its dispersion in three continents, admirably fitted for the preservation of the records and the succession of a privileged family, and afterwards to produce everywhere the proofs of the im-

portant work for all who wished to be informed. But the records of the salvation promised cannot have unquestionable certainty unless the archives in which they are contained be duly authorized: nor can such records be respected as having God for their author, unless their archives bear a recognizable mark of divine authority. That the Jewish nation, whether stationary in Palestine, or dispersed all over the world, might be raised to the dignity of trustee of the promises that relate to all mankind, it should

bear a mark of God's will, by which it would itself be convinced, and then be able to convince others of the validity of its commission. Now this mark, manifest to every observer, is prophecy, and it is found with those charged with the custody of the deposit. The promises are much anterior to the events, and they are in perfect correspondence from one age to another. The fulfilment of the promises daily occurring, is then the sure mark of the truth of the commission.

THE CRADLES OF TWO HEROES.

FAR away in the heart of the Spanish hills, in the midst of that fair land now convulsed by war and bloodshed, lies the cradle of the warrior saint, father and founder of the great Society of Jesus.

It would seem to the pilgrim who first beholds Aspeitia that the aspect of the quaint little town can scarcely have changed since the days when the lords of Loyola used to come and hear mass in its parish church, so antiquated are its houses with their balconies and overhanging roofs, its narrow streets, with their aspect, so thoroughly Spanish, of half decay and intense picturesqueness. It was in the parish church of Aspeitia that Ignatius was brought to be baptized, and the stone font where the ceremony was performed is carefully preserved. It is parted off from the church by an iron grating, and is now surmounted by a small statue of the saint, who is represented pointing to the font, and below is the following inscription in Basque,—*Emenchen batia-*

tuva naiz—meaning, “Here I was baptized.” We may easily picture to ourselves the scene which took place on that very spot three hundred and eighty-two years ago; the stately-looking Spanish nobleman, Don Beltran Tanez de Oñaz y Loyola, standing by while the saving waters were being poured on the baby brow of his youngest child. By his side, no doubt, were his five other sons, and especially that Martin Garcia, who was to succeed his father as head of the house of Loyola, and to whose ancestral pride the now unconscious child was one day to deal so bitter a blow, when, despite his elder brother's remonstrances and prayers, he set forth to embrace a life of penance and humiliation. Little did either father or brothers think that if one day the feet of numberless pilgrims were to tread the pavement of that quaint old church, if loving lips and reverent hands were to touch that old stone font, and eager eyes gaze on the time-worn walls of the manor of

Loyola, they were drawn there, not indeed by the remembrance of Don Beltran's illustrious birth and proud descent, or of Don Martin's warlike feats of arms, but by a loving recollection of him who went forth as a beggar from his father's halls, and became as a fool for Christ's sake. The glory of the warlike Loyolas has passed away; the memory of their noble deeds has faded from the memory of man; the sanctity of Ignatius has alone rescued his father's house from forgetfulness and obscurity.

On leaving Aspeitia, the traveller follows a broad road to the right along the banks of the Urola, and after a few steps, the long narrow valley opens before him, and the glorious domed church of Loyola stands out against the background of wooded hills. It was a lovely sight as beheld on a bright October evening; the setting sun cast a soft rose-tint over the mountains and made the rich autumn foliage shine like burnished gold. As the traveller pursues his road, his attention is arrested by a marble slab bearing some gold letters, and which has been placed by the roadside. A Spanish inscription tells him that on this spot St. Ignatius was in the habit of kneeling down to recite a *Salve* in honor of our Lady of Olaz, whose little sanctuary stands exactly opposite on the other bank of the Urola.

On one side of the Church of St. Ignatius is a large house which was inhabited by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, and on the other an equally extensive building, which is still unfinished and was destined to be a college. In spite of the brightness of the surrounding scene, the wooded hills and fertile valley, over which the setting sun shed a farewell halo, there was something sad and desolate about the now solitary house and deserted church. The sons of

Ignatius have been driven from their founder's home, and the vast pile of buildings is now uninhabited, save perhaps by the angels who still watch over the cradle of Christ's warrior saint. A magnificent marble staircase leads up to the church, which is profusely decorated with varied and precious marbles. The Father's house, erected chiefly through the munificence of the Spanish sovereigns, is on an equally large scale with its grand staircase, adorned with life-size statues of the principal saints of the Society, its vast refectory and broad corridors and cloisters. But far more interesting are the remains of the old manor house, the "Casa solar" of Loyola, which have been reverently preserved, and stand surrounded by the more modern buildings. The façade is still there; the low doorway, surmounted by the armorial bearings of the house carved in stone, the narrow windows, the old walls, gray with age, all speak to us of a time long since gone by.

We enter by the low doorway, closed from within by a heavy wooden bar, which has remained there since the days of our saint. Pilgrims, anxious to bear away some remembrance of Loyola, have chipped and notched the thick piece of wood upon which the hand of Ignatius no doubt often rested. Did that hand tremble as it drew back the bar for the last time, on the eventful day when the young knight went forth to a new life, a life of warfare hard and bitter? Did his foot hesitate as it crossed the threshold, and did the brave heart waver as it bade adieu to all it was leaving, the happy home, the admiring love of friends and brothers, every bright and glorious hope of future fame, laurels hardly won and stained with blood, a noble and brilliant career, due to his own bold efforts? And before him was a life of bitter

penance and constant struggle, a life which must have appeared one of deepest humiliation to that haughty son of an old chivalrous race. Strong indeed must have been the voice that prompted such a resolution, and divine the strength that bore the loyal heart through the last adieu! Later, no doubt, in the midst of the wondrous revelations and ecstasies of Manresa, God revealed to his chosen one something of the great work to which he was called, but in the first days of his conversion he saw nothing of the future glories of the order he was to found. No visions of great deeds done for Christ's name, of thousands of souls trained to holiness, and whole nations led back to faith, cheered his first steps towards a new life. All was dark then; he only felt that he was called upon to sacrifice what he had hitherto loved and prized, and that he must go forth, poor and penitent, to suffer and be despised for his Master's sake.

Ascending the staircase, we pass the little chapel which was once the family oratory of Loyola, and where St. Francis Borgia said his first mass, and we reach the chamber, now a chapel, where Ignatius lay after his return from Pampeluna. It is a long low room, fitted up with rare taste and richness, and divided into two parts by an iron railing. The high altar stands on the spot once occupied by the saint's bed; smaller altars, dedicated to saints of the Society, are on either side. On the low ceiling are painted several scenes of the life of Ignatius. The first shows him to us at Loyola, a curly-headed little child, playing at his mother's knee. Numerous and precious relics in rich cases have been let into the ceiling. Lonely and deserted as is the empty house, yet no sacrilegious hands have been laid on its treasures, and the reverent devotion of

the Basque peasants still guards from profanation the home of their beloved saint. On the other side of the railing is the space where the pilgrims knelt to hear mass; here are statues of different Jesuit saints, and a portrait of St. Ignatius in armor. It is a dark, bronzed, Spanish-looking face, very different to the pale chastened countenance we know so well of Ignatius in his later years. It is hardly a beautiful or a strictly handsome face, but one full of life, strength, and energy—the bright, dark eye, bronzed cheek, firm lip, speak of the daring courage of a proud fiery nature, and carry us back to that day when, on the battered walls of Pampeluna, the brave young knight led out his men to conquer or to die. It was in this very room that he lay after his return. With what mingled feelings of compassion and pride was the wounded soldier received, when, borne on a stretcher, he came in sight of his home! How, the fame of his gallant deeds having gone before him, the peasants of the valley crowded round, less to pity than to admire him whom they had known from his childhood! Don Beltran and his wife had gone to their rest, but Don Martin, now the head of the house, doubtless came out to receive the brother, who had so proudly upheld the grand old name of Loyola.

We can well imagine, too, how irksome to the young man's restless spirit must have been those weary months of enforced repose, how he fretted on his bed of pain, not indeed at the physical suffering, which he bore with unflinching courage, but at the idleness and monotony of those endless days. Then came that incident which shows us how strong an element of worldly vanity was mingled with that lofty nature, in which we, poor mortals, are almost glad to recognize a weakness. He dreaded nothing more, his biographers tell

us, than any deformity, which might take away from the grace and elegance of his figure, and render him less competent to shine in those knightly sports and exercises which were his delight. When it was found that in consequence of the broken limb having been awkwardly set, a portion of one of the bones projected below the knee, Ignatius unhesitatingly caused a new operation to be performed. At the price of intense suffering the bone was sawed off, so unbearable to his vanity was the thought of this slight deformity. Later came the period of his convalescence, during which he asked for some of those books of chivalrous adventures of which he was so fond. Unable to find any, those who surrounded him laid on his bed the Lives of our Lord and the saints. At first, no doubt, he perused the solemn-looking volumes with *ennui*, gradually with more interest, and at last with an earnestness which changed the whole current of his life. Here in this same room, St. Peter appeared to him, and here, too, he was visited by the Queen of Heaven and her Divine Son, to whose service he henceforth consecrated his life. In the adjoining sacristy is a portion of the old red hangings belonging to the saint's bed; one of his fingers and other relics were formerly kept here, but were taken away by the Jesuits when forced to abandon Loyola.

Another look at the gardens, which, though neglected, are still lovely, at the grand domed church and venerable "Casa solar," and we leave Loyola, not, however, without breathing a prayer that ere long the sons of St. Ignatius may be suffered to re-enter their founder's home. If we care to pursue our road along the valley, ten minutes more walking will bring us to Ascoytia, a little town as quaintly picturesque as Aspeitia, and which was the birthplace of Doña Maria

Saenz de Liconay Balda, Ignatius's mother. Just before entering the town, we leave to our right on the mountain-side above us two gloomy, monastic-looking buildings, — the Convents of Santa Brigida and Santa Cruz. On the way back to Aspeitia, diverging from the main road, a rough and narrow path will lead the traveller to the little Chapel of Nuestra Señora de Olaz. There is nothing striking about the chapel or its statue, nothing save the remembrance that Ignatius, as his biographers tell us, often came here in his childhood. It is easy to picture to ourselves the bright, high-spirited boy, full of noble instincts, it is true, yet thoroughly human, thoroughly boyish, with plenty of childish waywardness and mischief, and causing, perhaps, no small anxiety to the mother whose hand first led him to our Lady of Olaz.

There is something, it would seem, specially attractive to us in saints whose conversion has been the work of time; they appeal more strongly to our human sympathies and weakness. The penitent tears of an Augustine, or the struggles of a Francis Xavier, touch us far more deeply than the precocious and unvaried sanctity of a St. Aloysius. For the erring sheep of Christ's fold, for those who, like our own Ignatius, have belonged to the world, who have loved its joys and been buffeted by its storms, for those who have sinned and struggled before falling at the Saviour's feet, we feel not mere admiration, but a warm, human love and sympathy. An ethereal young saint, who from his very boyhood seems to have lived in a sphere above us, so free is he from every touch of human frailty, will never appeal to our hearts as Ignatius does, with his fiery, ambitious, worldly youth, his dreams of happiness and glory, and the heroic sanctity of his later years.

Yet, within a day's journey from Loyola, if, crossing the French frontier, we leave the Spanish hills with their picturesque beauty, and the blue Bay of Biscay, with its vast expanse and rolling waves, and enter the flat plains of the Landes, we shall come to the cradle of one whose life, by a rare exception, was ever angelical in its innocence, though closely interwoven with the cares and troubles of this fallen world. From the earliest days of his lowly childhood, no wild storm of human passion ever stifled the pure clear tones of the *Sursum corda* speaking to that happy soul, no dust of earth ever tarnished the spotlessness of that large, loving heart, whose sympathy with all human woe was yet so deep and so intense. In this nineteenth century of ours, we are tempted to look back with a kind of wondering surprise at the crucifying penances of the anchorites of old, and to many amongst us even the lives of the cloistered nuns of our own day appear strange and unnatural. But in St. Vincent of Paul we have a saint who wins admiration from Catholic and Protestant, from skeptic and unbeliever alike. Men who despise or disbelieve the mysticism of an ecstasica, who shudder at the austerities of the Fathers of the Desert, or laugh at the mode of life chosen by a St. Simeon Stylites, will bow down before the active and large-hearted charity of this humble priest. And this tribute of universal respect, almost unique in modern times, has been inherited by the saint's devoted daughters, the well-known and well-beloved Sisters of Charity. There are few indeed, even among the very outcasts of society, who do not cherish a feeling of reverence for those heroic servants of the poor, those faithful children of a saintly founder, who carry out in the crowded streets of our great cities, in hospitals and orphanages, or on the bloody field of battle, the precepts

taught to them by their Father. From his very boyhood, one image alone occupied the mind of St. Vincent: it was that of him who so many centuries ago stood in the distant plains of Palestine, giving health to the sick, comfort to the sorrowful, forgiveness to the guilty, health and strength to all; one ambition alone moved his heart, that of treading in the footprints of the Master to whose service he had consecrated his life. And truly no man ever loved humanity with a stronger and more devoted love than this lowly-born peasant's son, whose single efforts accomplished what philanthropists and philosophers dreamt and planned.

Ranguines, the little hamlet where St. Vincent was born, is about half an hour's drive from Dax, an ancient town of the Landes, whose celebrated mud baths were favored even in the time of the Romans. Modern Dax, however, with its narrow, lifeless streets, its sluggish river, and dilapidated old cathedral, has little to recommend it besides its warm mineral springs, and few save invalids will care to tarry long within its walls. It was to Dax that St. Vincent came at the age of eight years, when his father, struck by the child's precocious goodness and intelligence, resolved, in spite of his poverty, to place him under the care of the Franciscan friars, who undertook, for a comparatively small sum, to educate several poor children of his class. It was a new life for the boy, whose days had hitherto been spent in watching his father's flocks on the lonely Landes, but ere long his quick intelligence, his docility and gentleness, no less than his piety and unsullied innocence, filled the good friars with wonder and admiration. He made such rapid progress in his studies, that, when still very young, M. de Commet, a celebrated lawyer of Dax, confided to him the education of his two

sons. Dax continued to be St. Vincent's home till 1576, when, having resolved to consecrate himself entirely to God's service, he received minor orders, and went to pursue his theological studies at Toulouse. We are told by his biographers, that in order to pay the expenses of this long journey, Guillaume de Paul, our saint's father, was obliged to sell a fine pair of oxen.

Guillaume de Paul and Bertrande de Moras, Vincent's parents, were poor peasants, whose worldly possessions consisted in their humble cottage and a few fields, which they cultivated themselves. They had six children, and our saint was their third son. Like his brothers and sisters, his early days were spent in helping his parents in the many cares entailed upon them by their poverty, and perhaps out of consideration for his tender years, to him was awarded the task of watching over the flocks, which he used to lead forth to the pastures extending around his birthplace. Throughout his life, even when kings and princes, cardinals and bishops, listened with deference to his words, and paid reverent homage to his sanctity, when women bearing the greatest names in France came like little children to learn from him the science of charity, the peasant's son loved to recall the lowliness of his early years. He gloried in that poverty which seems to us one of this world's hardest crosses, but which Ignatius, the chivalrous high-born Spaniard, voluntarily embraced, and for which St. Francis, the Italian saint, felt such a strange love, that he called poverty his bride.

An altar has been placed inside the little cottage, and upon it are several relics of the saint,—a small wooden crucifix, a portion of his well-worn cassock, &c. The woodwork of the narrow rooms has been preserved, and we can distinguish the hearth, around which the fam-

ily used to gather during the long winter evenings. To the right of the cottage is a magnificent old oak tree, whose history is closely linked with that of the saint. Into its hollow trunk he would retire when a child and spend long hours in silent prayer.

Close by is the fine church which was begun in 1850. It occupies the ground where the cottage originally stood. Soon after the saint's beatification, his countrymen resolved to raise an altar in his honor on the spot where he was born, and for this purpose the cottage was removed to a few steps distance, and a small chapel built in its stead. Twenty years ago the first stone of the new church was laid, in presence of the Bishop of Dax, surrounded by the sons and daughters of St. Vincent, the Lazarists and Sisters of Charity. It is impossible to repress a feeling of sadness on drawing near to St. Ignatius's now lonely home at beautiful Loyola; but no such feeling will be experienced by the traveller visiting St. Vincent's birthplace. Here the saint's children have been suffered to remain near their founder's lowly cradle; here they still work and pray and practice that charity which was the master passion of his life. The Lazarists have a large house close to the church, and a few steps beyond is an hospital and an orphanage, where St. Vincent's daughters nurse the aged sick and train little children to the love of Him for whose sake their founder lived and labored.

Our pilgrimage, however, does not end here. Half an hour beyond St. Vincent's Church is a much-frequented church, of which the origin is wellnigh lost in obscurity, but where, from time immemorial, pilgrims have gathered from all parts of the Landes and of Béarn. As is the case with all shrines which popular devotion has made famous, many legends are

told in connection with the time-honored image of our Lady of Buglose, and whether they bear or not the critical test of historical investigation, these traditions, wild or graceful, prove the filial love which has ever been paid to the Mother of God. The traveller visiting Buglose will easily picture to himself the poor little peasant child, who, his historians tell us, loved to kneel at the feet of the gracious Queen, whose image was associated in his mind with all that was fair and pure, merciful and loving. He often, no doubt, laid on her altar the wild flowers which he gathered during his lonely watches on the Landes, and prayed before her image just as nearly in the century before the boy Ignatius had prayed to our Lady of Olaz.

How strangely different were those two young lives which both began under the protection of Mary! The Spanish child, surrounded from his birth with the pride and pomp of a high descent, the splendor of a court, and the dazzling prestige of military glory, became poor and despised for Christ's sake. After many a hard struggle and sharp pang, he hung up his sword near Mary's altar, at Montserrat, and, casting away the proud dreams of his youth, he accomplished a great work in the Church's history, and lived to found the glorious order, to whom he transmitted his own brave, dauntless spirit, which persecution could never break. That passionate love of earthly glory and human applause which characterized his youth was merged into one deep, all-absorbing feeling of contempt for self and zeal for the glory of God. The French boy's humble childhood was passed in poverty and solitude. That life, destined to spend itself in the crowded thoroughfares of a great city, commenced amidst the broad, boundless plains where the child

watched his father's flocks, and then in the peaceful seclusion of a Franciscan monastery. Like Ignatius, he, too, no doubt, had his boyish dreams and youthful ambitions, but no visions of knightly adventures or warlike deeds ever crossed his youthful mind; the poverty and lowliness of his home had given him far different impressions, and the tendency of his gentle disposition led him towards a life of solitude and prayer. Perchance, he once thought of spending his days in some quiet Franciscan cell, and little did he dream of the arduous apostolate to which God was to call him.

Yet there was in that pure, young heart, together with a deep love for prayer and solitude, an ardent, active charity, which was gradually to become its master passion. As a child, Vincent loved to give away to those poorer than himself the scanty allowance of food which his parents were able to afford him, and even the humble garments which clothed his poverty. We all know how, by degrees, his unwearied and large-hearted charity poured itself out on all around him, and how, at last, the name of this simple, lowly-born priest became a household word throughout the length and breadth of France, and the little peasant boy of the Landes was looked upon as the truest benefactor of suffering humanity. His charity not only embraced the poor and sorrowing of his own country, it extended far and wide; Sardinia, Corsica, Naples, Austria, Prussia, Poland, the distant Hebrides, Ireland, and England experienced the loving zeal of that truly Catholic soul. Countries more distant still were not forgotten; to America, Persia, Syria, China, and Madagascar, he sent missionaries whom he had trained and taught; while in France, no phase of human suffering escaped his notice. Little

children forsaken in the streets of Paris, prisoners forgotten and neglected in the solitude of their dungeons, the wretched galley-slaves toiling away their lives in shame and woe; all were cared for, helped and comforted by his unwearyed love. To the rich and noble he taught self-denial and self-sacrifice, for none could resist the gentle earnestness of his appeal when he collected alms for his beloved poor, and we can well understand the cry of grief that arose all over France when it was known that he had breathed his last. In him truly was realized the ideal of a priest, such as it was defined by one of the noblest spirits of our day,—*Fort comme le diamant et plus tendre qu'une Mère.*

St. Vincent's body rests in the country he served so faithfully and loved so well, within the walls of the city which was the chief scene of his labors, while the bones of St. Ignatius repose far away from the land of his birth, in the midst of that Rome, the city of his adoption, and the home of his later years. But the memory of both still lingers around the scenes where their early days were spent; and to all who admire the heroism of Christian sacrifice and the beauty of Christian charity, the "Casa solar" of Loyola and the little cottage of the Landes, will ever have an imperishable interest as being the cradles of two saints.

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

HIGH in the estimation of the holy Church, and deeply beloved by the hearts of all her faithful children, is the name of St. Alphonsus, though maligned, despised, and misunderstood by the world outside the Church. The saint of austere life, but most merciful heart; compassionate to all save himself, who so perfectly practiced the Apostle's advice, becoming all things to all men, that he might gain some.

Alphonsus Mary Liguori was born at Marianella, near Naples, in 1696. A saint then living, St. Francis di Girolamo, S.J., visited his parents' house, blessed the child, and prophesied that he should be a saint; and it came to pass that St. Francis and St. Alphonsus were canonized the same day. St. Alphonsus was brought

up to the law, and the highest honors of his profession were within his grasp. The world smiled fairly before him. He could have mingled in court circles, and known the sweet happiness of domestic life; but in early manhood he forsook all this, and became a priest. And now all his talents, his deep knowledge of jurisprudence, his genius for poetry and music, were all devoted to the service of his beloved Master.

The eloquence and unction with which he preached made his sermons an admirable mode of converting sinners, and leading others to greater perfection; while in the confessional his gentleness and compassion won all hearts.

At length he was called to found a congregation of priests, to live together in community, and take

religious vows, called that of the Holy Redeemer. They are now commonly termed Redemptorists.

At last it pleased the Holy See to appoint Alphonsus Bishop of St. Agatha, and he became henceforward the model of holy Bishops; austere, vigilant, untiring in his labors; loving apostolic poverty, and ever devoted to the welfare of his flock. His charity to the poor was unbounded, as also his zeal for the conversion of sinners. Often would his face shine "like an angel."

He suffered terribly during the later years of his life, especially from an affection of the neck, and rheumatism, which curved his head in such a manner that he could neither say mass nor lie down. He asked leave to resign his diocese; but Pope Clement XIV said that one prayer from his bed for his

diocese was worth more than a thousand visitations.

The next Pope, Pius VI, allowed him to resign, which he did with great joy, and retired to a house of his Order, saying, as he entered it, "Gloria Patri." He insisted on keeping the rule and living like the rest, and continued to preach and write spiritual books.

Such was his life; how shall we speak of his death? He lay long-
ing for his Viaticum. "When will Jesus come? Give me Jesus Christ." Then he tenderly blessed his religious kneeling round him. His last look was one of love to an image of Mary, whom he had indeed devoutly loved. He died calmly and peacefully, without agony, on August 1, 1787, aged ninety years. He was canonized May 26, 1839.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ACTS OF THE EARLY MARTYRS.
By Rev. J. A. M. Fastré, S.J. 3 vols.
Philadelphia: Peter F. Cunningham
& Son, 29 South Tenth Street, 1873.

The first two volumes of this work were issued some months since, and in addition to the third just published, have recently been forwarded to us. They consist of the acts of some of the celebrated martyrs of the early church, compiled from the martyrology of Dom Ruinart and other approved sources. They are gracefully narrated in the form of interesting stories, and first published serially in that excellent magazine, the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. Coming from such an antique source they of course possess more of the legendary element than the lives found in Alban Butler's ponderous tomes. This is by no means an objection, for, in the first place, the times in which and the people for whom Butler wrote were unfavorable to the full development of martyrological lore. The Church at that time was in the weakened state of a convalescent,

having just arisen from three long centuries of proscription and persecution, waged against her by English tyranny. The converts of those days could not be expected to bear the strong food of mysticism, and Protestants had to be won over by practical teaching, consequently Dr. Butler, with a discriminating eye, condescended to their necessities. The trouble was that he ran into the opposite extreme, and for fear of offending itching ears, told too little; the consequence is that some of the most celebrated saints of the Church are passed over by him with scarcely any notice, from the simple reason that, without recurring to the *acta sanctorum*, he could obtain scarcely any information, and those compilations were considered too legendary for his purpose. We find, however, the best refutation to such weakminded arguments, in the fact that the Church has not only approved of these acts, but has actually drawn from them to a large extent in the compilation of the Breviary and Missal. This may in many cases be only a tacit or implied recommendation,

yet it ought to be enough for a *truly* liberal Catholic. But, supposing all these beautiful legends of the saints are after all mere pious fictions; which the Church does not oblige us to believe, they at least are the sources from which all our knowledge of the lives, combats, and victories of the Church's heroes and heroines are drawn. The classical student builds up his knowledge and trains his mind from the impossible fictions of mythology; why should not the devout Catholic strengthen his faith, feed his devotion, and vivify his love upon the quaint and beautiful old narratives that are not all a fancy? God, wonderful in his saints always and everywhere, has made their lives prodigies of admiration for his own glory and our salvation; let us, by studying them, reap the precious legacy of wisdom that these histories inculcate. Years and years are devoted by the classical student to the mysteries and personages of the mythological Olympus; should the fervent Catholic be less inquisitive as to the mysteries of the heavenly Jerusalem? Long periods are spent in reading the history of heathen lands; shall less solicitude be displayed in the story and biographies of Christian Rome? Is Jupiter greater than God? Can Juno be named with Mary Immaculate? Is the mother of the Gracchi to be compared to the mother of the Maccabees? A Lucretia to an Anastasia? A Minerva to a Catharine? A Cecilia Metella to the Queen patroness of Sacred Harmony? A Coriolanus, a Brutus, a Horatio, to a Clement, a Sebastian, or a Polycarp? Let Catholics then take up such works as these; they will not only improve their minds in classical and early ecclesiastical history, but will keep alive their dormant faith and enkindle the ardor of their love. We recommend these books, especially on their intrinsic literary merits, as works of a superior order of their class, for Father Fastré has not only combined therein the historical research of a profound and zealous antiquarian, but has presented the results of his labors in smooth and elegant diction, and in the form and with the charm of a most interesting series of novelettes. We congratulate the Messrs. Cunningham for their discriminative judgment in presenting them to the public, as well as for the neatness and taste displayed in the style of publication.

HINTS ON HOUSEHOLD TASTE IN FURNITURE, UPHOLSTERY, AND OTHER DETAILS. By Charles L. Eastlake, Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects. Edited, with Notes,

by Charles C. Perkins, M.A. First American, from Revised London Edition. Crown 8vo. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Mr. Eastlake, in his timely and judicious work on household taste, has performed a service to the public for which the friends of æsthetic development will liberally thank him. Sharing with Pugin and Ruskin a deep admiration of medieval art, he vigorously assails the ludicrous conventionalities respecting dress and furniture which at present exercise a dominant influence over the mass of the Anglo-Saxon race.

The doctrines which he teaches are easily formulated, and will be readily accepted, in application as well as in principle, by every unprejudiced thinker. He simply proclaims anew those canons of taste which were universally admitted up to the time when mechanical inventions made it possible for senseless tools to mimic the productions of honest and artistic handicraft. He tells us that the materials employed in any species of construction should be such as are naturally most adaptable to the purpose in view, and that their treatment should be in strict accordance with their peculiar properties; that every article of use or ornament should have its foundation in some well-defined and practical intention; that fitness, simplicity, and harmony, are the constituent elements of beauty, and that deceptions of all kinds are both ugly and odious. He counsels a profound regard for the principles of art, even in trifles; but he does not deny that genius sometimes transcends acknowledged rules.

The love of novelty and show, so characteristic of modern society, especially in this country, he considers one of the most fruitful causes of the bad taste and bad workmanship which are at present noticeable in every branch of artistic and mechanical production. He points out the impropriety of attempting pictorial effects in purely decorative art, and, in a manner wholly free from dogmatism, furnishes much useful advice in respect to household design. He leaves nothing untouched that concerns the æsthetic character of a modern abode. He begins with the exterior, and penetrates to the innermost recesses, offering valuable hints about the architecture, the furniture, the wall-paper, the carpet; the pictures, the plate, the cutlery, and even the dress of the inmates. Though remarkably enthusiastic, and fully conscious of the stability of the position which he assumes, he is never dictatorial, but always courteously suggestive, thus verifying in the treatment of his subject

the highly apposite title which he has chosen for his book. He is a confirmed medievalist; and he boldly proclaims the fact, taking care, however, to inform us that he is not blindly radical, but only anxious to revive and apply to the purposes of modern life that chaste, simple, and harmonious spirit of art which pervaded even the humblest manufacturers in the ages ignorantly called dark.

The editor of the American edition of *Hints on Household Taste* has discharged his duty in an admirable manner. His notes invariably serve to supplement or to illustrate the observations of the author, and have the double merit of being both brief and apposite.

The book is well and copiously illustrated; and all its mechanical features accord with the tone of its sentiments.

SONGS FROM THE SOUTHERN SEAS, AND OTHER POEMS. By John Boyle O'Rielly. Boston: Patrick Donahoe, 1874. Received through Eugene Cumiskey, 1316 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

It has seldom been our good fortune to discover a volume of verse in which the realistic and poetic elements were so powerfully and ably combined, as in the book before us. Mr. O'Rielly selects his themes from among scenes and characters which would naturally be supposed to be the least congenial to the muse of song, for Erato is not usually considered at home among Nantucket tars on New Bedford whaling-ships, in Australian penal colonies, or the after-dark pranks of shameless youngsters. The luxurious arcades and flowering groves of the tropics may, indeed, be for a time her abode, and she may not disdain to occasionally bathe in the sparkling waters of sunny Southern seas, but we will stake our character for penetration on the assertion that Mr. O'Rielly is a handsome Irishman from the vicinity of Blarney castle, for he has so completely fascinated her that she follows him with her most favoring smiles, wherever or whenever he bids her presence. She is beside him in the murderer's secluded shelter; she rides with him on the storm-winds that whistle around the Horn; she sits beside him in the agonizing cruise when the wounded amber whale drags his boat through the mighty Southern spray; she perches on an oil barrel on New Bedford's wharves, or peeps with him through the windows of a New England meeting-house. Wherever he lists, she lets him sing—sing the *tenderest of songs, in the manliest of tones*.

In his unique preface he tells us, in a few artlessly artful words, the story of

his life and of his book, while the manly but touching passage which closes his dedication is just sufficient to show us how much nobility of the heart we may look for in his verses. The only defect that we have observed in the book is a superfluity of descriptive element, and an occasional absence of clearness in unravelling the thread of his stories; both these faults are particularly discernible in the principal poem, "The King of the Vasse." In "Hunted by Tigers," the reader is left in doubt whether the New Bedford preacher was really the converted scapegrace Nathan Beans, or whether old Sculpin was merely affected by the voice of conscience.

Mr. O'Rielly belongs to what we might term the Bret Harte school of poets, as regards style, though his thought and diction are less humorous, but in every other respect incomparably superior to that of the author of "The Heathen Chinese."

Mr. Donahoe deserves our best compliments for the handsome manner in which he publishes the book. "Ticknor & Fields," as we still love to call the old firm, must look to their laurels if Mr. Donahoe intends to keep up the reputation which this publication must win for him.

LASCINE. By an Oxford Man. New York: Appleton & Co., Publishers.

This book has a prepossessing appearance, and as its name is somewhat novel, more than one will be induced to read—and then be disappointed. Oxford men are generally good story-tellers, but "An Oxford Man" hardly seems to have even a small share of romantic or novel fire. His hobby seems to be the introduction of pet French or Latin phrases, which mar the effect of what little interest the book possesses. How Edward Lascine can be "calm and happy, *stranded high on the rock*," is too much for our comprehension. "The rise and fall of the organ," is a rather queer expression at best. The description of Lascine and Carley meeting at the station is about as unnatural a piece of narrative as we remember to have seen. Withal, *Lascine* is far from monotonous, and we can safely say, if it does little good, it will do no harm.

PRIMARY PHYSIOLOGY, ANATOMY, AND HYGIENE. Lambert. New York: William Wood & Co.

Where schools desire to introduce a work on hygiene and anatomy, we do not know of any superior to Dr. Lambert's. It is small—a great recommen-

dation—while the matter embraced is equal in extent and superior in treatment to most works we have seen on the subject.

THE ARK OF THE PEOPLE. By Plato Punchinello. Translated from the French, with a Preface by Very Rev. Dr. Moriarty, O.S.A. Philadelphia: Peter F. Cunningham & Son, 1873.

This is unquestionably a grand book, notwithstanding the literary idiosyncrasies of its author, displayed principally in the very harmless form of a not discernibly appropriate *nom de plume*, and in an *original* preface which is scarcely in keeping with the dignified tone and important subject-matter of the book.

The author represents the world at the present time as suffering from a deluge of errors and evils, afflicting every class of mankind; evils social, moral, and intellectual. The Church, the bark of Peter riding securely over this sea of iniquity, is the only refuge for faithful souls. She gives them safety by inculcating through the mouths of her consecrated pilots all the great truths which she has received from her divine builder and captain, Jesus Christ. What these errors and their conflicting truths are the author fully and ably demonstrates in the form of a series of colloquial entertainments, illustrating them from the facts of history and the experience of daily life. This method gives him the opportunity of touching upon almost every popular topic, philosophical, legal, moral, historical, and spiritual, and he has fully availed himself of the golden occasion.

The translation is well executed, and this first American edition is embellished with a Preface from the able and fluent pen of Very Rev. Dr. Moriarty, O.S.A., while the publishers deserve much commendation for the publication of a work which cannot fail to have a novel and beneficial effect.

CATECHISM OF THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, with a chronological table of American History, from its discovery in 1492, to the year 1873. Adapted for the use of schools in the United States. By M. J. Kerney, Esq. Enlarged and revised edition. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. Received through P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 S. Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

Kerney's Catechetical Series is so well known to teachers, that we deem it quite unnecessary to say anything at present in its favor. The little volume on American History is so familiar to us that we unhesitatingly recommend it.

We think, however, that the additional matter introduced in this latest edition, which brings the subject up to the present time, is treated too concisely. The latest past decade of United States history is too pregnant with important events to be skimmed over in about *seven* little pages, while the comparatively unimportant war with Mexico requires at least thirteen, and the Revolutionary period twenty sheets. In the general questions on the State Constitutions, there is no reference to that of West Virginia, an important omission, we think, in view of what some persons consider the anomalous political origin of that State.

CATHOLIC FAMILY ALMANAC, 1874. New York: Catholic Publication Society. Philadelphia: Cunningham & Son.

This is the latest issue of an annual which is now familiar to every Catholic household. Indeed, it is rapidly becoming one of the "indispensables." The table of contents presents the same useful and entertaining amount of good things which characterized previous numbers.

We think, however, that the "Wraith of Odin" would be fully justified in haunting the publishers in return for the disgraceful portrait (!) they have given of the late Archbishop of New Orleans.

GORDON LODGE; OR, RETRIBUTION. An autobiography. By Mrs. M. Agnes White, of West Virginia. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., 1873. Received through P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 S. Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

This is an exceedingly readable novellette, republished from the columns of the *Catholic Mirror*, where it first appeared as a serial. The style is easy and graceful, and the plot sufficiently interesting to engage the reader's attention throughout. The scene is laid principally in the British Isles, and the characters are well defined and of a lifelike cast.

The book is bound in the same ornate style which marks all the works emanating from its publishers.

WE have received a pamphlet from P. F. Cunningham & Son, containing a sermon by Very Rev. James O'Connor, D.D., delivered at the month's mind of Very Rev. Edward McMahon, and we are sure the friends of the late venerable pastor of St. Edward's Church, Philadelphia, will be thankful to the publishers for preserving in this form the eloquent sermon of the erudite Dr. O'Connor.

